

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1896.

TWO { SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



1. A Bedouin Encampment. 2. A Gun of the Mule Battery in Action.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: TYPICAL SCENES.

From Photographs by Lekegian, Cairo; supplied by Captain G. E. Wilkinson, 2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A French philosopher once modestly observed (like Mr. Jingle, when suggesting what should be given him for dinner) that though he did not "presume to dictate," he thought, if he had been present at the Creation, he could have given a wrinkle or two. This, however, is what few of us want. There is a general objection to wrinkles, whether in the form of advice or of those marks which "the hateful crow" has set upon our features. It is curious that these parallel lines or curves should be so unpopular, when the indentations called dimples are thought so attractive. They have hitherto been supposed to be autographs of care, anxiety, or old age. It has now been discovered that they are nothing of the kind, but merely the result of tricks and contortions. Some people are always "making faces"—not in scorn, but involuntarily—and, in extreme cases, even scowling. One of the best-natured men I know scowls like a Grand Inquisitor at a Jew. The facial lines caused in this way appear before middle age, and, of course, are indelible. It is not a thing we care to speak of to our friends, and if we did it would probably be of no use; but the habit is certainly the reverse of attractive, and renders the science of physiognomy useless. The only chance of its extirpation is to catch the patient young and rap his knuckles and spank him whenever the symptom appears; but in "the drawing-rooms and the clubs" these remedies would, of course, be out of the question, even if they were not too late. I knew a middle-aged divine who used to make the most dreadful faces in the pulpit, so that after every exposition of doctrine he seemed to say, "I am obliged to state this, but I don't believe one word of it, nor need you do so either, my beloved brethren." He was quite unaware of it, and looking round upon his numerous family all making horrible faces, would pathetically remark, "I can't think where my children" (here he looked like an ogre) "get these ridiculous tricks from." He had an additional gift of nodding his head with much earnestness; and I once saw a splendid set of curtains, costing half his stipend, knocked down to him at an auction in consequence. Nothing stopped him, however, but Death, at whom (for he was an excellent fellow, and had no cause to fear him) he doubtless nodded and grinned as at everybody else.

Some irreverent scribe has been suggesting that novels should be read backwards. He has, of course, been tempted to this monstrous heresy by a woman. "A rather clever young woman," as he calls her, has been reading her novels this way, and assures him she has found them much more interesting. She says it is more difficult, and therefore exciting, to guess the beginning of a story from its conclusion than its conclusion from the beginning. But what an impatient nature she must have, and what an undisciplined mind! If the scribe was not very much "gone" on this "rather clever young woman," he would understand that this theory of hers is a mere pretence to account for her having been caught peeping into volume three before she had finished volume one. Some women are made that way—as, indeed, our first mother was. If the Garden of Eden had had a circulating library (and, for my part, I can't fancy an Eden without one), her curiosity would probably have taken this direction. Then she would have insisted on poor Adam, who wanted to get on with his book in the orthodox fashion, hearing the *dénouement* before its time. I have been worried that way myself by "rather clever young women." They will communicate to you the information that they have thus fraudulently acquired, in spite of your entreaties; they say it can't matter, for of course you have foreseen that the hero throws himself into the crater of Vesuvius, and that the music-hall artist who has been his ruin is bitten by a tarantula and dies dancing amid the applause of the spectators, who mistake the cause of her energy. As to reading backwards, one can imagine a cynical spirit speculating on the motives that could have induced some middle-aged pair (described as "living happy ever afterwards") to fall in love with one another. "What could she have seen in him, or he in her?" But novels do not always end at that point (as, indeed, is unhappily the case with real life), but go on from the altar to the grave. How could it be possible to sympathise with an old gentleman's pathetic reflections upon a past of which we have heard nothing? So far as we can tell to the contrary, his tears might be the result of liquor, or the sense of ungratified revenge; and, even if they had a worthy source, how few of us, alas! care for an old man's tears! There would certainly be no great temptation to go back to learn the cause of them.

It is curious, however, that this unnatural fancy on the part of the rather clever young woman for reading backwards has a much better foundation than she is probably aware of. Many of our best story-tellers have written backwards; not, as in Edgar Poe's case, merely for the better elucidation of a mystery, but for the facility of composition. A young writer has often to live from hand to mouth, and he generally makes his characters do the same. From chapter to chapter he does not know what is to become of them; he strings such incidents as he can remember or invent together to form their adventures; but when the time comes to finish his literary necklace, he has no clasp.

The skilled story-teller provides his clasp beforehand, and a good deal else beside. He thinks first and writes afterwards; his whole narrative (subject merely to alterations) is mapped out beforehand; the steeds of his imagination are well in hand, and he is careful to "keep a gallop for the avenue." This sounds very prosaic, but it is simply the discipline of art, the plan of the campaign that ensures the victory.

It has been ingeniously suggested that a very attractive novel might be written, week by week, about living characters, or characters supposed to be living, whose motives and fortunes were influenced by the same passing events as concerned the reader. There would be difficulties about it, but no one could deny that it would have the advantage, so desiderated by a certain class, of being up to date.

The scourge of the restaurant-keepers is the man who comes and eats and does not pay. It is generally very difficult to punish him except by civil action, which, as he has not a shilling, is, of course, throwing good money after bad. A worthy of this kind has, however, been committed to prison, after having fared sumptuously every day, "free, gratis, for nothing," for many months. Strange to say, the more ambitious are his desires the more likely this class of offender is to succeed; for the more splendid the dinner he orders the less likely it seems that he should have nothing in his pocket. I remember the case of a gentlemanly person, who had seen better days but still had a good suit of clothes on his back, ordering a most *recherché* dinner in Regent Street. The waiters were most obsequious to one of such excellent taste, and pressed him to take liqueurs after his banquet; he obliged them, and still with a handsome fee in prospect, they begged to know what more they could do for him. "Be so good," he said, "as to fetch a policeman." He did not want to be kicked out, which might have damaged his apparel, but desired to place himself under the protection of the civil force. Nothing whatever, so far as I recollect, was done to him.

No one has any sympathy to spare for these gormandising scoundrels; but to be in want, not of a dinner, but of something to eat is a very serious matter. It is an experience, indeed, probably unknown to any of my readers. When their luncheon has been accidentally postponed for half an hour they may have said, "I am starving"; but they might just as well have written it with coloured chalks upon the pavement so far as credibility is concerned: only a few respectable persons, such as travellers (and they exaggerate enormously), have really known the pangs of hunger. These are greatly aggravated when they attack one in the midst of forbidden plenty, just as thirst is rendered more intolerable by the sight of a mirage. For my part, it would be no satisfaction under such circumstances to learn from a policeman that food could be procured two miles and a half away if I should have the good fortune to find the relieving officer at home. This provision for the hungry might be excellent, but it would be too remote. The Charity Organisation Society would doubtless give something to so deserving an object in a week or two, but that also would be too late. What would one do in the meantime—immediately—if one had nothing to pawn? I confess, for my part, I should not "break into," but simply walk into the nearest confectioner's, and, nobly resisting the temptation of sausage-rolls and cross-barred raspberry tarts, should take a twopenny loaf and the consequences. I once had the imprudence to say as much to a learned divine (who had four meals *per diem* as regularly as Mrs. Gamp), and he was greatly scandalised. "But," I said, "men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." "That is rank Socialism," replied my reverend friend, and added drily, "You would scarcely find any warrant for it in the Scriptures." I remained charitably silent, but you might have knocked me down, like the starving man himself, with a feather.

When a man's name is abbreviated by all the world, it is a sign of his being held in affectionate esteem. Tom Hughes was an example of it. No one who knew him, however much he may have differed from him, could doubt his honesty of purpose or the kindness of his heart. For years among the most important section of society he was the most popular writer in England. Bishops blessed him; mothers with sons at school adored him; he was "extremely quoted" by Ministers of State (who, however, so far as patronage was concerned, confined themselves to quotation); and if the public-school boy ever manifested a sign of reverence, it was in favour of Tom Hughes. Yet all that adulation never spoiled him: he was modest though stalwart to the last. As to his book, at the date of its publication it was certainly a rose coloured view of boy life; but its influence for good on the class which it described was very marked. As a story with a purpose it is unrivalled, for to a great extent it accomplished its purpose. The difference between the public-school boy of to-day and of that period is, thanks to "Tom Brown," considerable. There is only one other book which has described school-life, though a very different phase of it, with equal skill—namely, "Vice Versâ." Though abounding with fun, it exhibits a

photographic fidelity: nobody ever understood the private-school boy so perfectly as Mr. Anstey. Many able writers have tried their hands at depicting school-life, all more or less in vain: there are only two pictures of it which can be reckoned as absolute likenesses, recognised even by the sitters themselves—"Tom Brown" and "Vice Versâ."

Upon the whole, there is no doubt that men who have been at a public school take more interest in it in after life than those who have been educated at smaller establishments. This, however, proves little as to their opinion of them; in the former case there is a certain "swagger" about them, quite impersonal, which the latter do not possess—it is not possible for the inhabitants of a little state to feel the glow of patriotism. Moreover, as to revisiting one's old school, it may not be a pilgrimage of devotion: a political prisoner who has been set free may resort to the scene of his confinement to please himself with the sense of contrast. Some people have been genuinely sentimental about this matter without their feelings being a great expense to them. Lord Stowell, who was not given to gush, would be quite affected when talking of his old school at Newcastle. At the close of his life, and when immensely rich, he revisited it. The old lady who showed him over the place was in great spirits, in expectation of a thumping gratuity. "As he lingered over the desks and asked a thousand questions about his old school-fellows (dead and gone, alas!) her hopes rose," says his biographer, "to a ten-pound note or even a small annuity. At parting he called her 'a good woman,' and dropped a tear into her hand and sixpence."

It is curious, but a visit to our old school does not make us feel so old as one to the University. It is more difficult to put oneself back into one's schooldays; while the boys around are altogether such different beings from ourselves that there is no sense of contrast. At college, on the contrary, we remember everything as it used to be; while the undergraduates to whom we once belonged flout our grey hairs with their "golden youth."

As a general rule, the British novel-reader likes the scenes of his story to be laid in British soil. He is insular in his tastes, not easily interested in places and people who are outside his experience. When a writer contrives to hold his attention with such topics it is a proof that he has handled them exceptionally well. The author of "Almayer's Folly" has already made us feel quite at home in the Indian Archipelago: before his time we knew little of Borneo and its neighbourhood, except that it was beginning to grow good tobacco; and now he revives our acquaintanceship with it, to our great advantage, in "The Outcast of the Islands." The story is a little disjointed, always a drawback, but especially when it treats of alien subjects; but the characters and descriptions are admirable. Here is the arrival of evening in the islands of the Indian Sea—

A sigh under the flaming blue, a shiver of the sleeping sea, a cool breath as if a door had been swung upon the frozen spaces of the universe, and with a stir of leaves, with the nod of boughs, with the tremble of slender branches, the sea breeze struck the coast, rushed up the river, swept round the broad reaches, and travelled on in a soft ripple of darkening water, in the whisper of branches, in the rustle of leaves of the awakened forests.

Abdulla ben Selim, the great Mohammedan trader of the Straits, is a fine portrait, and new, so far as I know, to the gallery of fiction. For forty years he has walked in the way of his Lord, and been a very religious person after his kind, who do not, however, exclude the idea of poisoning a commercial rival—

Restless, like all his people, he very seldom dwelt for many days together in his splendid house in Penang. Owner of ships, he was often on board one or another of them, traversing in all directions the field of his operations. In every port he had a household—his own or that of a relation—to hail his advent with demonstrative joy. In every port there were rich and influential men eager to see him, there was business to talk over, there were important letters to read—an immense correspondence, enclosed in silk envelopes—a correspondence which had nothing to do with the infidels of colonial post-offices, but came into his hands by devious, yet safe, ways. It was left for him by taciturn nakhodas of native trading craft, or was delivered with profound salaams by travel-stained and weary men, who would withdraw from his presence calling upon Allah to bless the generous giver of splendid rewards.

The story, such as it is, is founded on the rivalry between this man and Captain Lingard, the great white trader, a noble character, with only such little drawbacks (as, for example, in the way of shooting at sight) as are inseparable from his profession, and, to judge by the work under consideration, the only good man (plain or coloured) that has ever existed in the whole Malay Archipelago. As for the outcast himself, never did so mean a skunk figure as the hero of a novel. Yet on or about him the finest thoughts of our author are shed; they are often very striking, now sublime, and now grotesque, reminding us of the utterances of a writer who has had, to my knowledge, no other disciple, Victor Hugo. The keynote of "The Outcast of the Islands" is "the tremendous fact of our isolation, of the indestructible loneliness that clothes every human soul from the cradle to the grave and perhaps beyond." So skilfully is this dwelt upon that the sense of it, as he lays down the book, is communicated to the reader.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

General Sir Herbert Horatio Kitchener, the Sirdar or Egyptian Commander-in-Chief, has arrived with his staff at Wady Halfa, and is there organising the force which is to proceed immediately, under Colonel Hunter, from Sarras up the right bank of the Nile, beyond the Second Cataract, to Akasheh, the first stage of the advance towards Dongola. There are now at Akasheh, which is eighty miles from Sarras, three battalions of Egyptian Soudanese infantry, several squadrons of cavalry, a camel corps, and a battery of artillery with camels and mules, under Major H. A. Macdonald. This was the position of the advance movement on Monday, March 30, but it would in a few days be strengthened by the addition of British troops and other forces, under Colonel Rundle, R.A., including the battalion of the North Staffordshire Regiment. Many of the Bedouin Arab Sheikhs of Nubia have offered the services of their tribes, but there is a want of horses. Our sketches illustrate some characteristic Oriental features of the bustle of military preparations in the camps at Assouan and at Wady Halfa. On Friday, March 27, a party of Dervishes were seen and fired upon at Akasheh, and it is thought possible that the enemy may intend fighting at Souarda, where a well-known Emir, Osman Azrak, has been collecting some part of the forces of the Khalifa. But Akasheh will be regarded, until September, as the most advanced position to be held by the Anglo-Egyptian garrisons on the Nile.

## MR. F. C. SELOUS.

The alarming news of the Matabili tribes having revolted and massacred some thirty or forty European settlers within fifty miles of Buluwayo must be a cause of serious anxiety, together with regret for the deplorable fate of those who have been slain. In the absence just now, owing to circumstances which need not here be mentioned, of the late official administrator, Dr. Jameson, the military commandant, Major Sir John Willoughby, and nearly all the other experienced officers of the army who were in the service of the British South Africa Company—while the Matabililand and Mashonaland Armed Police force has ceased to exist—the local Volunteer Corps and such other irregular troops as can be got together will need an able man for their leader. It is satisfactory to know that they have, in Mr. Frederic Courtenay Selous, the distinguished South African traveller, sportsman, explorer, and naturalist, one whose special acquaintance with the country and the people is unequalled; and whose actual performances, in negotiating with Lobengula, in preparing and conducting the Pioneer Expedition of 1890, and in his share of the warfare during the campaign of November and December 1893, are not inferior to those of Dr. Jameson.

Mr. F. C. Selous was born in London in December 1852, of a family combining the Scottish lineage of Bruce with that of a French Huguenot paternal ancestry. Educated at Rugby, he was led by a love of the wilder aspects of nature and of the knowledge that concerns them, as well as by his ambition and desire of adventure, to go to South Africa in 1871; he travelled far, and pursued the animals of that region year after year, and in 1881 published his first book "A Hunter's Wanderings in South Africa," to which he has added a second work, of more value to geographical science, published in 1893. He has received from the Royal Geographical Society, upon three different occasions, special tokens of approbation, and finally the Founders' Gold Medal.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

The fifty-third annual race between the rival crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, rowed over the accustomed course on March 28, was one of the most hardly fought and exciting contests on record, and resulted in a splendid victory for Oxford. The conditions under which the triumph was snatched at the last by the crew who, until Barnes Bridge was reached, seemed bound to be beaten, recall the Cambridge victory of exactly ten years ago; but for sustained interest from start to finish this year's race almost takes rank by the side of the famous dead-heat of 1877.

The weather was stormily unfavourable. A heavy fall of rain and scudding clouds ushered in the day, but about ten o'clock the sky cleared somewhat and the sun shone fitfully for a space. More rain and hail followed, however, and a strong wind swept the course and, in violent contact with the tide, rendered the water so rough that there was even some thought of postponing the race till a later hour. Any such idea was, however, abandoned, and the start was made one minute after one o'clock in a regular gale and a sharp shower of sleet. Cambridge had won the toss, and

chosen the Surrey station, which, in such weather, gave them no small advantage. Both crews got off smartly, the Dark Blues rowing thirty-five strokes in the minute to the thirty-seven of Cambridge. By Clasper's the Light Blues were gaining, and at Craven Steps were a quarter of a length ahead. By Walden's Oxford gained and got slightly ahead, but lost again by the Crabtree. Then a hailstorm burst upon the scene of the contest so fiercely that the stroke of both boats fell from thirty-four to thirty-two a minute. By Harrod's stores the two crews were once more abreast, but at Hammersmith Bridge Cambridge were three-quarters of a length ahead, and, with smoother water and the inner course, soon managed to add another quarter of a length to their advantage, the rougher water compelling Oxford to drop their stroke to thirty per minute. By the Doves Oxford gained somewhat, but fell behind once more in Corney Reach until Cambridge drew clear away, and, by Thorneycroft's, were leading by nearly a length. Here Oxford spurred, and succeeded in once more overlapping their rivals, but by Barnes Bridge, which was reached in 16 min. 34 sec. from the start, Cambridge led by a good three-quarters of a length. The bend of the river gave Oxford the better water, and before Mortlake Brewery was left behind they were level with their opponents. Then, amidst the wildest excitement, the Dark Blues got ahead, and held steadily on, reaching the finish two-fifths of a length in front,

three all, and interest in the remaining events quickened. Johnston won the Throwing the Hammer for Cambridge with the not very startling throw of 107 ft. 7 in., no other competitor getting to 100 ft., so that this event was altogether rather tame. Then came the Long Jump, which was won for the Light Blues by Batchelor, though stoutly contested by Vassall for Oxford. This victory gave Cambridge the odd event, and then came a splendid struggle for the Three Miles. For the first mile the running was chiefly made by Gibberd (Cambridge) and Deakin (Oxford), and their places were taken by Wood and Whitelaw for a space, and then the last half-mile or so was finely disputed by Freemantle and Wood, Freemantle winning for the Dark Blues by ten yards.

Thus ended an interesting and well-balanced meeting, which leaves Cambridge with a record of nineteen victories against the Oxford total of thirteen; one meeting only having resulted in a tie.

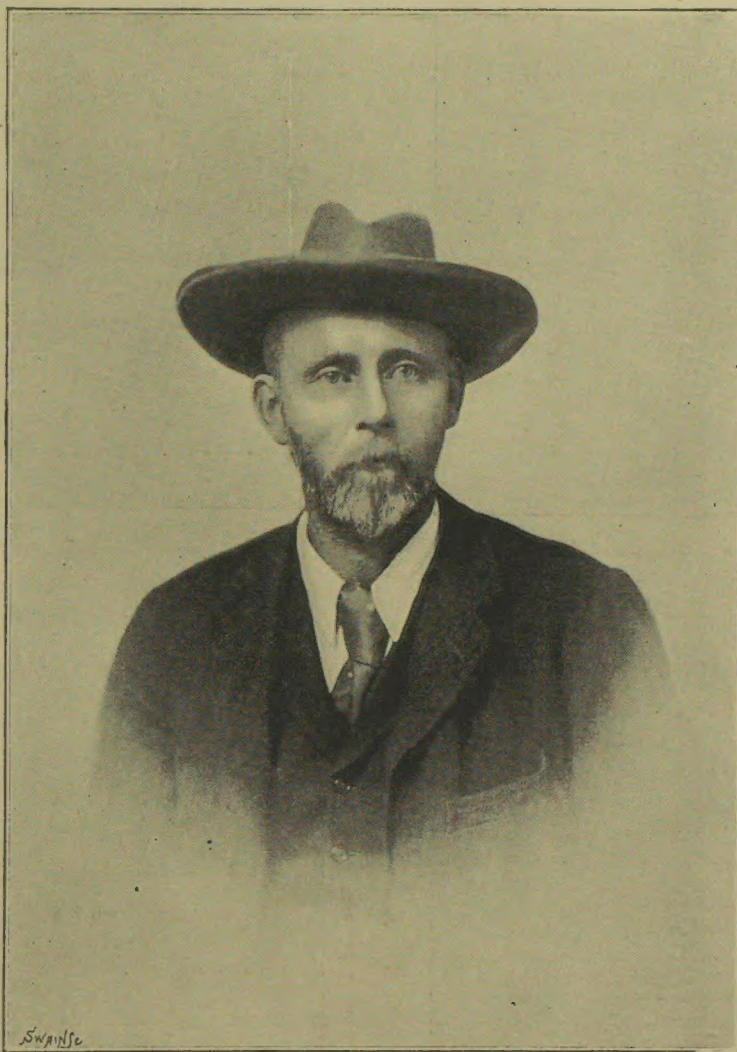
## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT SALFORD.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Salford on March 25 for the purpose of opening the new Technical Institute was made an occasion of much local rejoicing and loyal demonstration. Dense crowds assembled to welcome their Royal Highnesses as they drove through the borough from Seedley Station; but although no barriers had been erected, perfect order prevailed. The procession, which passed from the station to the Town Hall at Pendleton, was headed by a detachment of mounted police. Then followed carriages containing several ex-Mayors of the borough and Mr. Wilson, Principal of the new Technical Institute. Next rode the three Parliamentary representatives of Salford, Sir H. Howorth, Mr. Lee Knowles, and Mr. Platt Higgins, the High Sheriff of the county, and the Lord Lieutenant of the county (the Earl of Sefton), and the Mayor and Mayoress. Then came the royal carriage, escorted by a detachment of the Welsh Fusiliers, and in the carriages following the royal party were the Earl and Countess of Derby and the Earl and Countess of Cadogan. All along the route were gay decorations of one kind or another, and the assembled crowds cheered lustily in their thousands. A notable sight was presented in Langworthy Road, where more than 10,000 school-children of the borough were massed together. At the Town Hall at Pendleton an address from the Corporation was presented, to which the Duke of York made a graceful response. The procession then passed to the large hall of the new Institute, of which we gave some account last week. Before entering the building the main door was formally opened by the Duke of York with a golden key. The ceremony inside the hall included sundry speeches, to which the Duke of York replied, strongly commending the scheme of the new Institute, and after some music had been pleasantly discoursed, the company adjourned to luncheon. In the evening, the town was brilliantly illuminated.

## SCENES NEAR JOHANNESBURG.

The rapid development of the ten-year-old town of Johannesburg, and its present importance as the real commercial capital of the Transvaal, have but lately been duly realised in England. Among the suburbs which have sprung up on all sides of this remarkable settlement one of the most flourishing is that of the Berea estate, which includes the fine Barnato Park, the entrance to which is represented on another page from a sketch by Mr. Melton Prior. This park is charmingly laid out with walks and public recreation grounds, and is a much-frequented resort of the district. It was named after Mr. Barnato, because he was one of the founders of the Johannesburg Waterworks Company, which owns the Berea estate. Mr. Barnato has since acquired the park, with the intention of building himself a house there, but he has announced that the pleasure-grounds will remain free and open to the residents of Berea. This suburban estate was originally purchased by the company already mentioned for £5000. It has been laid out in some thousand or more building lots, and £300 is a very usual sum for the lease of one of these lots. Such figures form a very interesting illustration of the growth of the town during the last few years, and of the possibilities of its future.

We also give an addition to the series of views of the New Primrose Gold-Mine which have already appeared in our pages. The present sketch shows a number of white men and managers of different branches of the workings of the mine on the point of descending into the depths of the earth on a trolley which is worked by a small hauling-engine. Only white men and the more important officials of the mine are privileged to use this conveyance: the natives pass up and down by flights of wooden steps provided for the purpose, as it would occupy almost the entire day to convey them up and down by means of the trolley, which runs through what is known as "the inclined shaft."



MR. FREDERIC COURTENAY SELOUS.

20 min. 1 sec. from the start. It was a magnificent race, rendered intensely exciting by the alternate losses and gains of the rival crews, the splendid pluck of both, and the final victory of the boat less favoured by expectation.

The Dark Blues have now been the winners for seven successive years, and their total record of victories out of the fifty-three contests which have taken place since the race was instituted is thirty, the Light Blues having won twenty-two races, and one—that of 1877—having been a dead-heat.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS.

The thirty-third meeting of the Athletic Sports representatives of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was held at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, on March 27, the day before the boat-race, and resulted in the victory of Cambridge by five events to four. Oxford made a good start by winning both the Hundred Yards and the Hurdles with ease, Jordan and Mayne being first and second in the former, and Garnier and Oakley being again first and second in the latter. After their very insignificant performance in these two events, however, the Light Blues won the Mile, their representatives, Howard and Davenport, being first and second. Oxford were once more successful over the High Jump, and Putting the Weight fell to Cambridge. Then came the more interesting event of the Quarter-Mile, which was won for Cambridge by Fitzherbert after a sharp struggle with Jordan, his rival president, who was about a yard behind him at the finish. The time was 49 3-5 sec., a record for the Inter-Varsity sports. The score was now



# THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT SALFORD, MARCH 23.

*From Photographs by Banks, Manchester.*



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT WINDSOR BRIDGE.



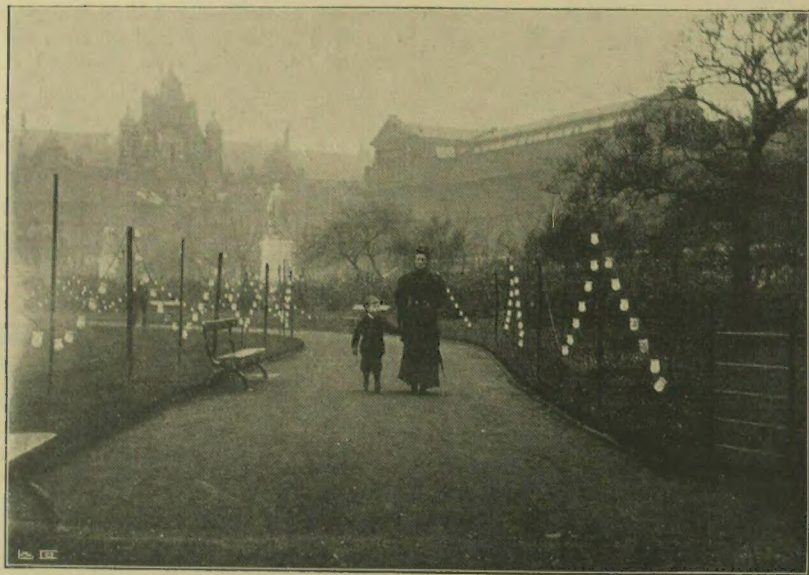
VICTORIA GATE, PEEL PARK, BY WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ENTERED.



ARCH ERECTED BY THE SALFORD FIRE BRIGADE IN CHAPEL STREET.



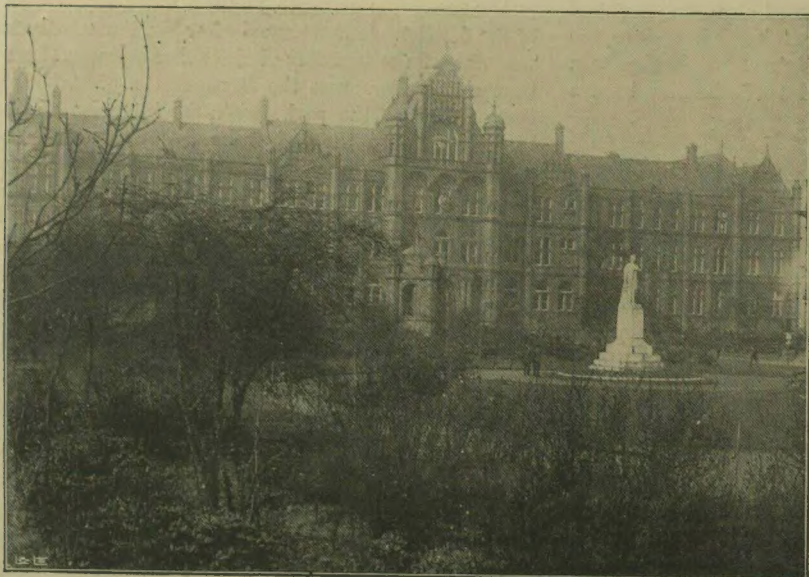
STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN PEEL PARK.



VIEW IN PEEL PARK.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE MAYOR OF SALFORD.

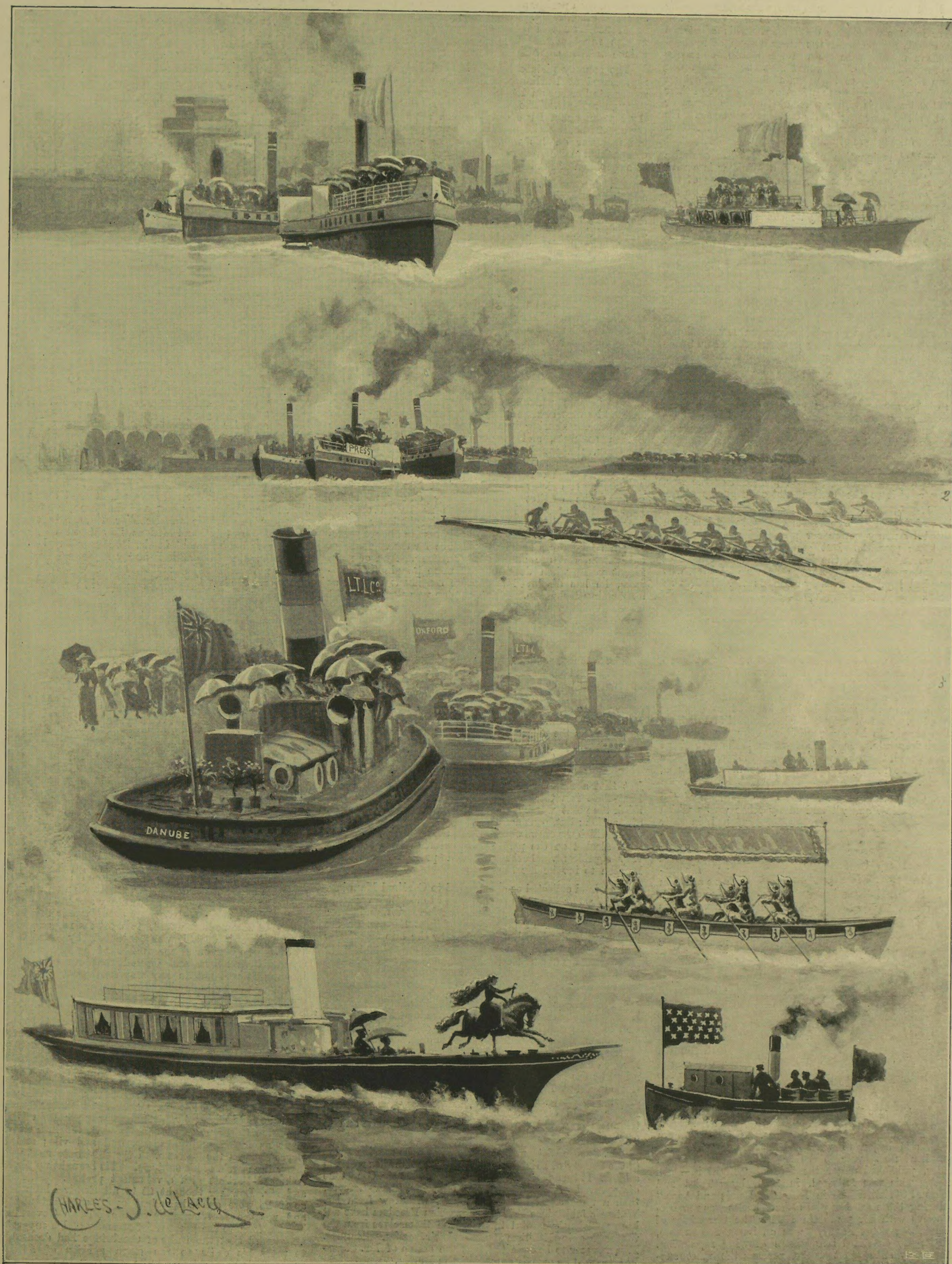


THE NEW TECHNICAL SCHOOLS VIEWED FROM PEEL PARK.



TOWN HALL, SALFORD.





1. Leaving Temple Pier.

2. Rain, Hail, and Wind: Off Thorneycroft's.

3. Eccentricities of the Course.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



## PERSONAL.

It is a common belief that when wealthy men are made peers it is for some service they have rendered to their party. Certain peerages conferred by Lord Rosebery were alleged to have been paid for by handsome contributions to the party war-chest. In a speech at Huddersfield Lord Rosebery described this assertion as "a scandalous lie." He declared that the gentlemen who were made peers by him had contributed not a farthing to any party fund whatever in return for this distinction. This assurance may be readily accepted, but the whole system of rewarding partisan fidelity with seats in the House of Lords is open to misconstruction. It would seem that certain men make up their minds to be peers, and never neglect an opportunity of impressing this fact on the leader of their party till at last he is either persuaded of their merits or glad to be rid of their pertinacity on their own terms. No other explanation appears to fit the elevation of certain politicians to the sphere of our old nobility.

The sudden resignation of M. Berthelot has caused a great stir in Paris. The late Foreign Minister is a man of science, better versed, it is said, in the secrets of the laboratory than in those of diplomacy. His attitude on the new phase of the Egyptian question gave dissatisfaction in France because it first suggested menace to England and then tapered off into a sort of acquiescence. M. Berthelot is said to have been pressed to retire by President Faure, although his resignation is officially ascribed to family reasons. It is thought in some quarters that Russia has intimidated a decided unwillingness to take any serious action with regard to British policy in the Soudan, and that this made more acute the feeling of M. Berthelot's colleagues that he had compromised France.

The opening of the new railway between Liverpool and North Wales was celebrated by a speech from Mr. Gladstone, who said that, although his doctor had forbidden him to speak on public occasions, he could not regard that particular occasion as public. This amusing instance of Mr. Gladstone's habitual subtlety recalls his famous distinction between war and military operations. What his doctor thinks of Mr. Gladstone's speech at Liverpool we do not know, but it was distinguished by a fullness of memory and a vivacity which show that the veteran is quite equal to any occasion, public or private.

In the summer vacation, the Lord Chief Justice, accompanied by several Judges and members of the Bar, will pay a visit to the United States as guests of the American Bar.

The wedding of George Lewis the younger has been celebrated by many newspaper paragraphs enumerating the wedding presents. But one souvenir has escaped notice, which, perhaps, the bridegroom valued most of all—an autograph letter from the Prince of Wales, who has long had legal and friendly relations with the firm in Ely Place.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board has issued a report on the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria. This has been tested in six hospitals with satisfactory results, the doctors being strongly of opinion that the serum is a valuable agent in coping with this terrible disease. As to the ill-effects of which patients complain, the report declares that these are for the most part the natural consequences of diphtheria, and that when they are exceptionally severe, that is because the serum had to be used to save the patient's life. To feel very bad when your life has been saved is simply to have a reminder that your case was well-nigh desperate. Such, at all events, is the view of the Asylums Board, though it may be hoped that in time some means will be found of mitigating the after-effects of anti-toxin.

Mrs. Charles, the author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" and many other works which

had, in their time, a widespread popularity, died at Hampstead on March 28. Mrs. Charles was known before her marriage with Mr. Andrew Paton Charles, a brother of Mr. Justice Charles, as Miss Elizabeth Rundle, and spent her early life near Tavistock, for which place her father

THE LATE MRS. CHARLES.

sat in Parliament for some years. She was born in 1828, and began to write when barely out of her teens, her first volume being a translation from Neander, published under the title of "Light in Dark Places." This was followed, in 1851, by "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life in Different Lands and Ages," and during the next few years Mrs. Charles was remarkably active with her pen. In 1864 "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" won an immediate success, which largely extended its author's growing reputation. Of her many subsequent works, perhaps the most successful were "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan," "The Draytons and the Davenants," and "On Both Sides of the Sea," which were very charming tales of old-world English life with historical background. Mrs. Charles's writings were all distinguished by a strong but healthy religious feeling of a distinctively Anglican type. She was the author of sundry well-known hymns, and her last two volumes were a study of the black-letter saints, and another bearing the title, "Ecce

Homo, Ecce Rex." Mrs. Charles was an intimate friend of many of the most distinguished men in the ecclesiastical world of her time.

This week a census has been taken of the inhabitants of London. It is not inspired simply by curiosity to know how many people live in the metropolis. The object is to ascertain, under the London Equalisation of Rates Act, the number of people in each parish, and the distribution of rates will be arranged accordingly. By the way, a census is being taken in France, and will comprise a considerable number of foreign royal personages, including the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

The solitary picture by which Lord Leighton will be represented at Burlington House is a large one which represents Perseus on his winged horse in full movement through mid-air. The late President exhibited two or three years ago a large canvas which showed Perseus in the act of rescuing Andromeda. The new picture illustrates the deliverer on his way to the deliverance; and in composition and movement it surpasses the earlier picture as a specimen of Lord Leighton's work.

Mr. George H. Boughton (R.A. elect), the latest addition to the ranks of the Royal Academicians, was born in Norfolk in 1834; but at the age of three years he was carried off by his parents to Albany—the Parliamentary capital of the State of New York. Here, after submitting to the ordinary discipline of school life, he set about making his own way and after his own fashion. Without any regular masters, he began to draw and to paint, and persevered with such good results that before he was seventeen years old he had his own studio, and was already prepared to take orders for pictures. Whether any came during these years of waiting is not recorded; but in 1853 he sold one of his works to the American Art Union for a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of a trip to England. His first exhibited picture, "Winter Twilight," hung at the New York National Academy in 1858, was a stepping-stone at once to fame and to a residence on this side of the Atlantic. He came to Paris in 1859, and in 1861 to London, which has since been his permanent home. In 1863 he first became known to the English public by his picture, "Passing into the Shade," exhibited at the British Institute, and by two pictures at the Royal Academy, "Through the Fields" and "Hop-Pickers Returning." From that time onward Mr. Boughton has been represented every year on the walls of the Royal Academy. His pictures may be divided into three distinct groups; the earliest series dealing chiefly with the Puritan life of New England, the next with contemporary Breton life, and the third inspired by Dutch people and scenery. His female figures are always graceful; his landscapes show a preference for the evidence of cultivation, but are studied after nature. And of more recent years, when dealing with more imaginative subjects, he has displayed a delicate sentiment as well as a charming technique. Mr. Boughton was elected in 1871 an Academician of the New York National Academy; but although an Associate of the Royal Academy since the same time, he has had to wait a quarter of a century for his well-earned fuller honours.

Mr. John Sargent, A.R.A., has added yet another to the too short list of his masculine sitters. He is following up his portraits of Mr. Coventry Patmore and of Mr. Graham Robertson by an almost full-length portrait of a sitter widely differing again in type from either of these—Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Sargent had a long sitting last Sunday from the Colonial Minister, but it is probable that the work will just miss being finished in time for exhibition at the Academy this year.

Ought total abstainers to attach any importance to the fact that a member of the crew that won the University Boat-Race is a total abstainer? The *Times* appears to think the point worthy of consideration, or, at any rate, of mention; but, considering the severity of the conditions under which the crews were trained, the habitual abstinence from alcohol on the part of one oarsman does not seem very significant. Perhaps it will prompt Sir Wilfrid Lawson to invoke his Muse.

The fund collected as a memorial to Cardinal Manning, some £6000 or £7000, is to be devoted to the endowment of a new ward at Nazareth House, Hammersmith, and to the support of a row of beds at the Night Refuge, on the borders of Whitechapel, established by the late Monsignor Gilbert. The Duke of Norfolk, who has spared no trouble as chairman of the Memorial Committee, and who has himself subscribed £1000, will, it is hoped, open the new ward in Nazareth House directly after the Easter holidays.

If the German Emperor is in want of subjects to occupy his superfluous energies he might profitably turn his attention to the gross incongruity of the criminal law of his dominions and the so-called "law of honour." A Lieutenant of the imperial yacht has killed in a duel a well-known lawyer of Potsdam, whose wife had been seriously compromised by the Lieutenant's attentions. Duels are illegal in Germany, but law is defied by social opinion, which is directed by what are called military courts of honour. If the Kaiser would direct some of his rhetoric against these tribunals he would render a service to civilisation and to common-sense.

Dr. Spence Watson, in his capacity as the moving spirit of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom, has received a blow. It turns out that so far back as 1893 Mr. Gladstone disapproved of this organisation, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, then a member of the Government, withdrew from Dr. Watson's fold. The Friends of Russian Freedom have not been sufficiently careful to dissociate themselves from the thorough-going Nihilism of some of their Russian colleagues. It is scarcely to be expected that the action of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre will be greatly appreciated in Russia.

The last Monday Popular Concert of the present season took place on the evening of March 30. Like a certain Ministry, it may fairly be described as a combination of all the talents. The function—for, indeed, it was more a function than a concert—passed off quite triumphantly. Mendelssohn's Octet in E flat came first on the list, and was played with infinite skill and tact by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Kreuz, Burnet, Gibson, Hobday, Ould, and Piatti. Let

it be said at once that Mendelssohn really does require tact, even in his seventeen-year-old compositions. Mr. Leonard Borwick, after playing a couple of compositions by M. Rachmanikoff, was forced to an encore, which he certainly deserved, although we generally deplore the system of encores at concerts of any kind. The occasion of the evening was an enthusiastically received duet—Bach's Concerto in D minor—played by Lady Hallé and Herr Joachim, with accompaniment on the pianoforte. It was given in the best style of these great artists. Mr. Bispham and Mr. Henschel sang extremely well, and the concert ended with a very fine performance of Schumann's Quintet in E flat. And so we say farewell to the Popular Concerts until November.

The Italian garrison defending Kassala, in the Eastern Soudan, now threatened by some of the Dervish or Mahdist forces under the command of Osman Digna, who holds all that region in bondage to the Khalifa, successor of the latest martial Prophet of a perverted phase of Mohammedan religion, must claim the good wishes of civilised Europe, more especially of those who care for the welfare of Egypt and for British efforts to improve Egyptian administration. Major Hidalgo, the commander of that garrison, may have an arduous and somewhat perilous task before him, until he gets the expected reinforcements from General Baldissera, at Massowah, and here, in giving his portrait, let us hope for his success. His Spanish surname is derived from ancestors of that nation, but Stefano Hidalgo was born a Piedmontese, in September, 1848, and is a patriotic Italian soldier. Educated at the Military Colleges of Asti and Modena, he entered the Army in 1869 as Sub-Lieutenant in the 1st Bersaglieri, became in 1884 a Captain of the 56th Infantry Regiment, was sent to Africa in November 1888, and has been promoted to the rank of Major. He has distinguished himself in several actions fought against the Dervishes, for which he has been rewarded with the Cross of the Military Order of Savoy, and won high official praise by his conduct on July 17, 1894, when Kassala was captured by assault.

MAJOR HIDALGO,  
Commanding the Italian Garrison of Kassala.

## PARLIAMENT.

It is not easy to congratulate Ministers on their arrangement of the public business. The Education Bill, the most important of the measures promised in the Queen's Speech, has been introduced; that is to say, on the eve of the Easter holidays the Government just managed to state the provisions of their most important measure. It is true that the Naval Works Bill has been read a third time, but there has been scarcely even a show of discussing it. Its most serious details have been passed by the closure without debate. This is no new thing. It happened in the last Parliament, but it is none the less a satire on our Parliamentary institutions. If the House of Commons has no opportunity of thoroughly considering a Bill involving the outlay of three millions and a half, it is idle to talk of public control over public expenditure. Something is radically wrong with the method of transacting the national business. The reproach does not fall on one party more than on the other; it applies to the whole Parliamentary system, and proves that without some real devolution of public affairs, the House of Commons is unable to meet its responsibilities. An awkward debate was initiated by Mr. Gibson Bowles, who demanded the fulfilment by England of the Cyprus Convention, and argued that our part in that instrument was not in any way contingent on the discharge of the Sultan's obligations under the Treaty. An equally uncompromising pro-Turkish speech was made by Mr. James Lowther; but Mr. Curzon, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, denied that the Cyprus Convention was binding upon us any longer. The Turkish Government had not thought fit to carry out its undertakings, and therefore we were not called upon to defend the Sultan's dominions in Asia Minor. The question whether in such circumstances we had any right to retain possession of Cyprus was not touched upon by Mr. Curzon, who treated the whole subject as merely academic. Some strong language about the Sultan was used by Mr. Bryce and Sir Robert Reid. The late Attorney-General denounced the Turkish Government as rotten and infamous, foul and vile; and Mr. Bryce charged the Sultan with the deliberate massacre of many thousands of his subjects. This brought up Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett with a vehement protest. Mr. Bowles and Mr. Lowther thought fit to attack Sir Philip Currie as if he were an independent agent at Constantinople, and not the representative of the British Government. Mr. Balfour, to the great relief of many of his supporters, announced that the Duke of Cambridge had decided not to press his claim to the extra pension of £1800 a year. This proposal was quite contrary to the arrangement made by the late Government and explicitly accepted by Mr. Balfour last August. What happened in the interval to induce Mr. Balfour to assent to what he had publicly repudiated is still a mystery; but it is unquestionable that the pension excited the strongest opposition both in the House and the country, without distinction of party, and that the Duke of Cambridge has exercised a wise discretion in deciding to abandon it.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, at Cimiez, has continued to enjoy the fine climate and scenery of the Riviera. Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein has joined them. The King of the Belgians and Princess Clémentine arrived at Nice on Friday, and have visited her Majesty. The Prince of Wales is still at Cannes, and was joined there on Saturday morning by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and by others of the royal family, coming to attend the memorial English service at St. George's Church, on the anniversary of the death of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. The Duke of Cambridge is also at Cannes.

A levée was held by the Duke of Connaught at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen on Thursday, March 26, when several officers returned from the Ashanti Expedition were presented.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters are at Sandringham. Prince Charles of Denmark has rejoined his ship at Copenhagen. The Duke and Duchess of York visited Liverpool on Monday, and returned to London.

The Duke of Connaught on March 25 superintended at Aldershot the field manoeuvres of the Public School Volunteers, youths from Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, Charterhouse, Wellington, Haileybury, Sherborne, Clifton, Cheltenham, Bradfield, Berkhamstead, and other schools, numbering over two thousand. These were formed into three battalions severally under command of Major Matthews-Donaldson, Major James, and Major Hoare, and under the general command of Colonel Howard, of the 2nd Rifle Brigade. They were confronted with a supposed hostile force of regular troops, of the Norfolk Regiment, Seaforth Highlanders, Bedford Regiment, and South Wales Borderers, with a squadron of the 3rd Hussars and a battery of Royal Artillery, commanded by Colonel Murray. A smart and spirited fight was performed over a suitable tract of ground with hills, woods, swamps, and water, under the eyes of his Royal Highness.

The Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was able to leave England on Thursday, March 26, for his villa of Beaulieu in the Riviera, to pass the Easter holidays there. His Lordship had attended the Cabinet Council on the day before, discussed the advance to Dongola with Lord Wolseley and Sir Francis Grenfell, and had a long interview with Baron de Courcel, the French Ambassador, probably upon the Egyptian question. Lord Salisbury has visited the Queen at Cimiez, and so has Lord Dufferin, her Majesty's Ambassador in France.

Mr. Chamberlain may have been speaking his individual opinions rather freely, and not officially as Minister for the Colonies, on March 25 at the dinner of the Canada Club. There is a bold originality in his decided adoption of the vast scheme of commercial and fiscal union of the British Empire, with a protective duty on all the products of foreign countries, which is far ahead of probable Government councils for some years to come. He remarks that this is the only way to Imperial Federation, and is but following the example of Prussia in forming the German Zollverein, long before Prussia ousted the Austrian monarchy and gained the leadership of the German armies. Lord Salisbury may have similar thoughts in his mind, but the Prime Minister cannot utter them so readily without making his whole party responsible for a momentous policy which needs much time to ripen. It may well be doubtful whether either Canada or Australia be yet prepared to relinquish their high import tariffs on British manufactured goods, knowing that we must take their produce, food and raw materials, in increasing quantities, free of taxation, to supply our wants. They are not such great corn-growing countries as to be able to satisfy our market, while their pastoral abundance of cattle and sheep, beef, mutton, and wool, is proof against foreign competition, so that a five per cent. differential duty in their favour would be no real boon to those colonies. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, rejects that proposal, and says it is not good enough for England to make us give up the advantages of Free Trade. If it is likewise not good enough for colonial finance to give up the revenue from Customs' tariffs, the Canadian recommendation of an imperial protective duty against foreign imports must be dropped. Yet Mr. Chamberlain still holds out the distant prospect of uniform Customs' duties all over the British Empire.

Lord Rosebery went to Huddersfield to the conference of the National Liberal Federation, which opened on March 26, and next day made a speech at a large public meeting at the Empire Music-hall. He said this was not the time for reciting the articles of the Liberal creed or for anything like the long Newcastle programme. They had before them, probably, a long course of opposition and criticism of the Government, which had got a majority of two to one British members of the House of Commons, leaving the Irish members out of reckoning. He derided

Lord Salisbury's conduct of foreign affairs, referring to Armenia and the Turkish Empire, Siam, and the advance into the Soudan, which was not in the interests of Egypt.

The Council of the National Liberal Federation, attended by over fifteen hundred delegates, Dr. Spence Watson, of Newcastle, presiding, with Lord Crewe, Sir James Kitson, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and other leading members of the party, examined certain questions of organisation and management, and their relations to the Central Liberal Association, and to the official and parliamentary directors of its action in London. Resolutions of unabated confidence in Lord Rosebery and his colleagues were passed. Mr. Herbert Gladstone declared that the Liberal party would not lay aside Home Rule for Ireland. The failure of Great Britain to protect the Armenians in Turkey was denounced as shameful and humiliating; and the projected military advance to the south of Egypt was condemned, as involving the annexation of the whole of the Soudan at heavy cost, with the risk of grave international complications. It was resolved to oppose any increased grants of money to voluntary schools without local representative control.

At the annual meeting of the Liberal Unionist Club on March 27 Lord James (Sir Henry James) congratulated that section of the Ministerialists upon the success of sixty-eight candidates, out of eighty-seven, who represented their views at the last General Election. He commented upon the "wrecked and shattered condition" of the old Liberal party, caused by its fatal alliance with the Irish Nationalists.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom held their annual meeting in London at the Hôtel Métropole on March 24 and next day, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., presiding; the Duke of Norfolk, Postmaster-General, the Earl of Dudley, Parliamentary Secretary to

Italian military occupation of Kassala, while acknowledging that Italy is bound to give up Kassala when England recovers for Egypt the dominion of the Soudan.

M. Berthelot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose indiscreet premature denunciation of the Anglo-Egyptian movement towards Dongola was found inconvenient, has resigned office, and M. Bourgeois, the Prime Minister, has taken direct charge of the Foreign Department.

The French Chamber of Deputies has for some days been discussing a Government proposal, introduced by M. Doumer, the Minister of Finance, for a progressive income-tax, exempting incomes of less than 2500 francs, or £100 yearly, the rate increasing, by a graduated scale, with the amount of income, to supersede the house, door and window, and furniture taxes. It was strongly opposed, and was disapproved by the Budget Committee of the Chamber, especially on account of the difficulties in the assessment and valuation of private incomes, and in testing or examining the declarations of payers of income-tax. The Government, supported by all the Radical party, on March 26 carried its measure by 285 votes against 277.

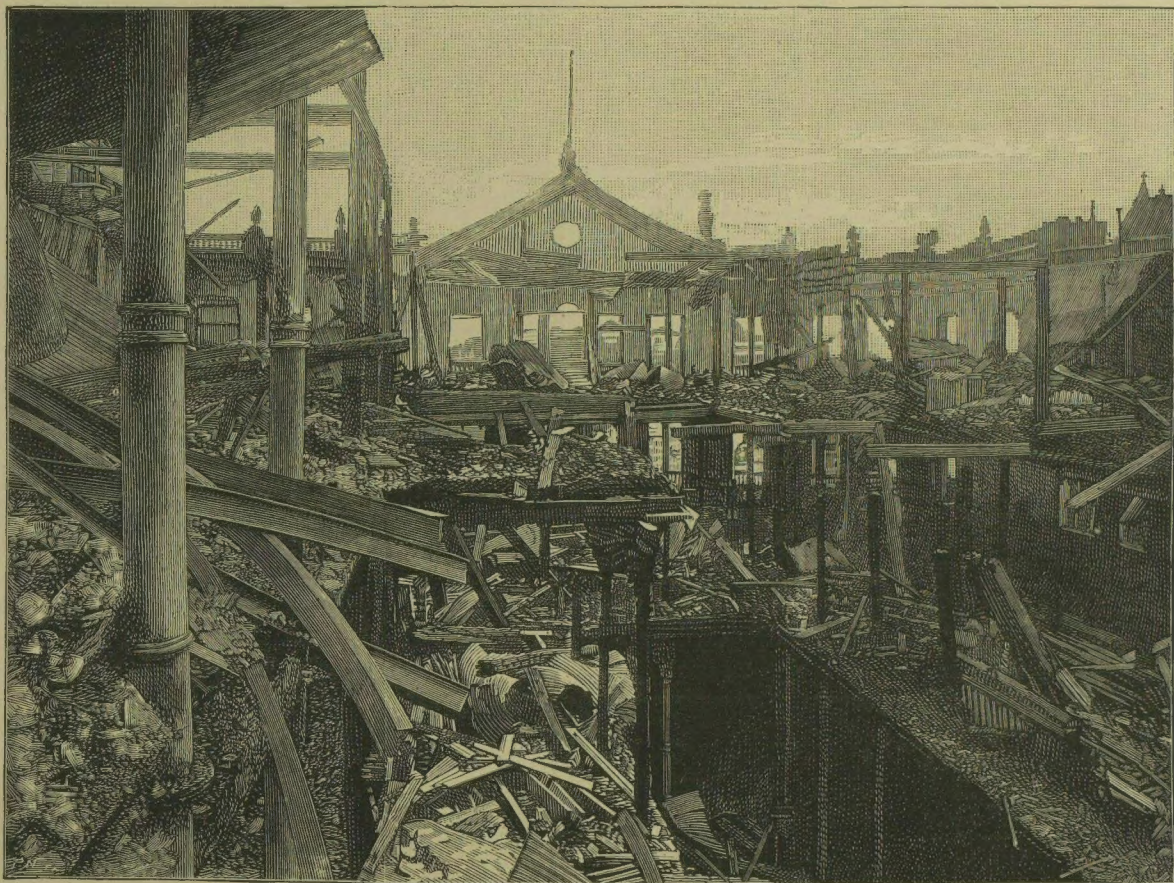
Again we have fresh bad news from South Africa; it is not from the Transvaal, but from the Matabili territory of the British Chartered Company. Since Dr. Jameson's action at the beginning of January removed and quickly broke up that company's force of British Armed Police, men, horses, and rifles being lost to their proper lawful service, a remnant of the Matabili savage tribes, directed by a son of their late King Lobengula, returned from his banishment, have conspired to rebel and to avenge their defeat two years ago. One or two detachments of native police have deserted the company's service to join this insurrection, bringing their rifles and ammunition. The revolt broke out

last week in the Inseza and Filabusi districts, and spread at once to the Shangani district; many isolated dwellings of white men's families were attacked, and thirty or forty people were slaughtered by the Matabili with spears, knives, and clubs. Miners, transport drivers, farmers, and store-keepers, including a Dutch family in the Shangani district, were among the victims, with their wives and children; many others found refuge in the town of Buluwayo; while the enemy, on Saturday, March 28, gathered in force about thirty miles to the east of that town. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on his return from England, but just arrived next day at Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland, nearly three hundred miles north-east of Buluwayo, several days' journey. The acting Administrator, Mr. Vincent, had sent from Fort Salisbury the troop of volunteers, "Rhodesia Horse," to aid the defenders of Buluwayo; while Mr. F. C. Selous, the well-known African traveller, who organised and conducted the pioneer expedition into Matabililand, has already fought with part of the enemy, inflicting severe punishment on them, but five of his own troops were killed. Other local forces, led by Captain Napier, Mr.

Grey, and Captain Spreckley, are acting in different directions, and endeavours are made to drive the enemy off the main road. Lord Gifford has rescued a party of thirty-eight European fugitives whom he found in a "laager," or inclosure formed of wagons, at Inseza, but he effected this not without a fight, in which one of his comrades, O'Leary, was killed, and six or seven wounded. A number of people in danger have joined for self-defence in a laager at Gwelo, and others at Stubart's Farm and Shangani. The High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, at Cape-town, has sent a portion of the Colonial armed police to assist those in Matabililand. Some Boers of the Transvaal have also ridden thither to aid in protecting the Dutch residents in the Chartered Company's territory.

## GREAT FIRE AT BOMBAY.

The premises and stores of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society at Bombay, situated in Esplanade Road, adjacent to the Esplanade Hotel and to the Sassoon Mechanics' Institute, were entirely destroyed by fire on March 11, with stock-in-trade valued at £50,000, besides the estimated value of the building, which was one of the finest in India erected and fitted for commercial business. The fire began at a very early hour of the morning, and was discovered at four o'clock, when no time was lost in bringing the steam fire-engines of the Municipal fire-brigade, seven in number, to deal with the conflagration, but it could not be subdued; and within an hour's time the whole interior was filled with raging flames, which rose to a great height through the fallen roof, and poured in threatening volumes out of the side openings; yet the iron supports of the floors and other fire-proof parts of the structure did not give way. A lofty tower in the centre, supported by a water-tank, still remained erect. The soldiers of the 22nd Bombay Infantry, a Marine Battalion, and the soldiers of the Naval Brigade, supplied by ships in the harbour, rendered much assistance in saving goods, removing a quantity of cartridges and gunpowder with remarkable courage.



FIRE AT THE ARMY AND NAVY CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, BOMBAY.

the Board of Trade, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., and Sir G. Baden Powell taking part in their deliberations. A message to the New York Chamber of Commerce, expressing conciliatory and friendly sentiments towards America, was passed almost unanimously. At the dinner speeches were made by Lord Reay, General Sir Francis Grenfell, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, Mr. G. N. Curzon, M.P., Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the Danish and Serbian Ministers. Sir Stafford Northcote has been chosen President for next year.

The London School Board having a debt exceeding £2,800,000, at 3½ per cent. interest, to the Public Works Loan Commissioners, sought to reduce the annual burthen, paying off these loans with the aid of debenture bonds for £3,500,000, at 2½ per cent. interest, with the consent of the Education Department and of the Local Government Board. The Treasury, however, has imposed financial conditions for accepting such an arrangement which the London School Board considers too onerous, requiring that for every £100 of the debt to Government, a sum equivalent to the price of Local Loans stock, which is now £113, shall be paid. It was therefore announced on March 26, at the meeting of the Board, that this scheme must be given up for the present.

The Commissioners of the Caisse or Reserve Fund of the Egyptian Public Debt at Cairo on March 26 resolved by a majority of four votes, representing Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Italy, against France and Russia, which protested, to sanction the application of half a million for the expenses of the advance to Dongola. The French bondholders, contesting the legality of this act, will appeal to a law tribunal.

In the Italian Senate at Rome on March 25 the Marquis di Rudini, Prime Minister, and the Duca di Sermoneta, Minister of Foreign Affairs, expressed high satisfaction with the closer relations between England and Italy based upon their common interest in the continued



# THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS.

*From Photographs by Stern, Cambridge.*



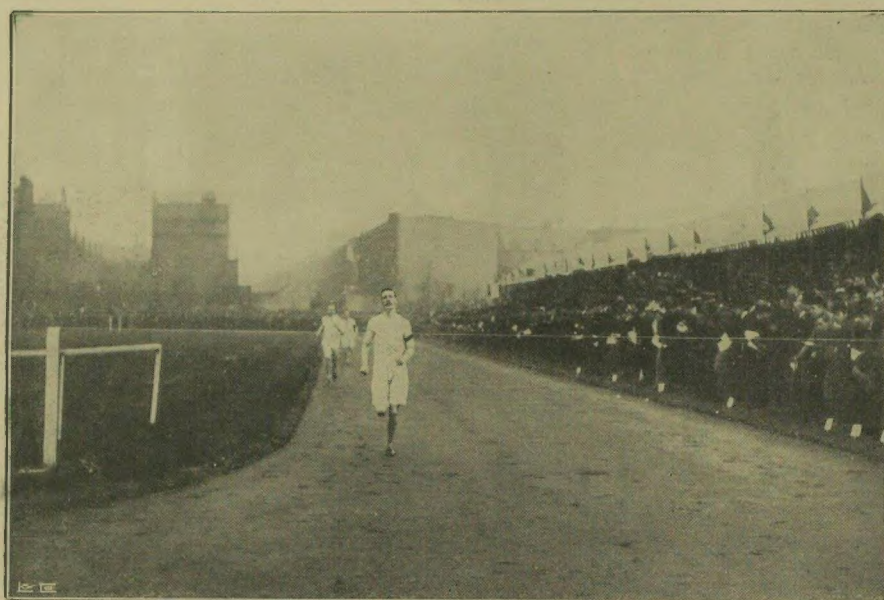
G. JORDAN (OXFORD) WINNING THE HUNDRED YARDS, 10 $\frac{1}{8}$  SEC.



W. FITZHERBERT (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE QUARTER-MILE, 49 3-5 SEC.



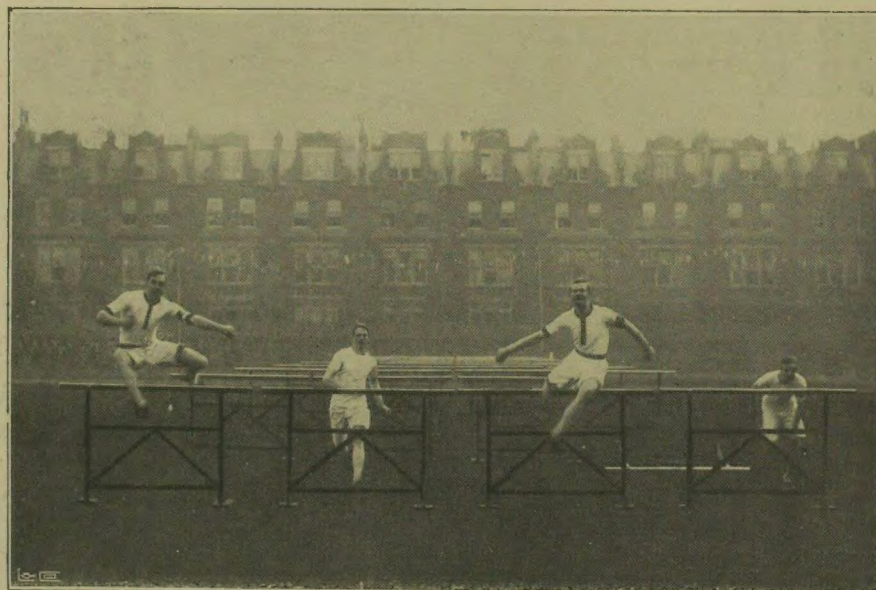
THE START FOR THE ONE MILE.



H. F. HOWARD (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE ONE MILE, 4 MIN. 29 1-5 SEC.



J. M. FREEMANTLE (OXFORD) WINNING THE THREE MILES, 15 MIN. 12 SEC.



E. D. GARNIER (OXFORD) WINNING THE HURDLES, 16 3-5 SEC.



E. O. KIRLEW (OXFORD) WINNING THE HIGH JUMP, 5 FT. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  IN.



E. BATCHELOR (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE LONG JUMP, 22 FT. 7 IN.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## I.

## THE PERPLEXITIES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

A MIDDLE-AGED widow with plain common-sense, a great love for the simple pleasures and comforts of her home in a small New England town, and possessed withal of a fortune of four million dollars, Mrs. William Cliff, on her return to her little house in Plainton, Maine, found herself in a position which often bewildered her and sometimes frightened her.

Having been shipwrecked in the schooner *Castor* on the coast of South America when on a voyage to Valparaiso—her passage paid with borrowed money—in order to settle some affairs of her late husband; and having become a sharer in a vast hoard of ancient Peruvian gold discovered by Captain Horn, the commander of the vessel, and generously divided by him with his passengers and crew, Mrs. Cliff, after many vicissitudes and strange experiences, had returned to her native town with brilliant anticipations of the enjoyment of her wealth.

But it was not long before she found that to possess wealth and to enjoy it properly were, for her, two very different things. Loyal to her friends and neighbours, and of a nature devoted to the joys of a quiet domestic life, she knew very well, if she set herself up for a rich woman, leading the life of the wealthy classes, and surrounding herself with the ordinary adjuncts of the millionaire, that the friendships of a lifetime would gradually fade away from her; that the life she had enjoyed, and for which she was fitted, would become a thing of the past; and that her wealth would never supply to her the places of lost friendships and departed associations. By day and by night this problem kept itself before her: "How shall I worthily use my wealth, and yet live the happy life I used to long for in the days when money was so scarce and economy so necessary?"

But to give herself all that in those days she had thought she needed would require but a very small part of the income which was steadily rolling in upon her, and sometimes she could see no other fate before her than to become an ordinary rich woman, living as she did not wish to live—perhaps in some strange and uncongenial city. Of course she would be charitable, and she lost no time in making plans for the benefit of her fellow-beings. But all this she determined to do under the direction of Mr. Perley, her minister. And in regard to her personal benefactions in the town, she did not wish even the poor to think that she had become someone else than the Mrs. Cliff they had known so long.

In her perplexity, she had no one to whom she could turn. Willy Croup, a lady of early middle age, was her relative, and had lived with her for many years; but although Willy was loving and kind, and assisted her in many ways, she was not a person to whom Mrs. Cliff could go for advice. She corresponded with her friend Edna, the wife of Captain Horn; but this lady, with her husband, was travelling in California, and all the other people who had been shipwrecked with her were separated from her, and had gone on their several ways; and she was denied the benefit of their counsels and even of their examples.

No one in the town knew the extent of her wealth. This she did not divulge even to Mr. Perley, for she felt very sure if he knew how rich she was, and if she followed his consequent advice, the great mass of her fortune would quickly be swallowed up in some grand missionary enterprise, and this would not suit Mrs. Cliff. No matter how much she was discouraged, no matter how difficult it was to see her way before her, no matter how great a load she felt her wealth to be, there was always before her a glimmering sense of grand possibilities. What they were she could not now see or understand, but she would not willingly give them up.

She was an elderly woman, but she came of a long-lived family, all of whom had enjoyed good health until the end of their days, and if there was any grand golden felicity which was possible to her, she felt that there was reason to believe she would live long to enjoy it.

One morning, as Mrs. Cliff sat thinking over these things, there was a knock at her front door, and, of course, Willy Croup ran to open it. No matter where she was, or no matter what she was doing, Willy always went to the door if she could, because she had so great a desire to know who was there.

This time it was a gentleman, a very fine gentleman, with a high silk hat and a handsome overcoat trimmed with fur—fur on the collar, fur on the sleeves, and fur down the front. Willy had never seen such a coat. It

was October, and it was cool, but there was no man in Plainton who would have worn such a coat as that so early in the season, even if he had one.

The gentleman had dark eyes and a very large moustache, and he carried a cane and wore rather bright tan-coloured gloves. All these things Willy observed in an instant, for she was very quick in taking notice of people's clothes and general appearance.

The gentleman raised his hat and asked if Mrs. Cliff lived there. Now Willy thought he must be an



The gentleman raised his hat and asked if Mrs. Cliff lived there.



extraordinarily wise gentleman, for how should he know that she was not a servant? and in those parts gentlemen did not generally raise their hats to girls who opened front doors.

The gentleman was admitted and was ushered into the parlour, where sat Mrs. Cliff. She was a little surprised at the sight of this visitor, who came in with his hat on, but who took it off and made her a low bow as soon as he saw her. But she thought she appreciated the situation, and she hardened her heart.

A strange man so finely dressed and with such manners must have come for money, and Mrs. Cliff had already learned to harden her heart towards strangers who solicited. But the hardness of her heart utterly disappeared in her amazement when this gentleman, having pulled off his right glove, advanced towards her holding out his hand.

"You don't remember me, Mrs. Cliff?" he said in a loud, clear voice. "No wonder, for I am a good deal

## II.

## A FRIEND AND ADVISER.

As Mrs. Cliff sat and talked with George Burke, she forgot the calculations she had been making, she forgot her perplexities and her anxieties concerning the rapid inroads which her income was making upon her ability to dispose of it in the recollection of the good-fellowships which the presence of her companion recalled.

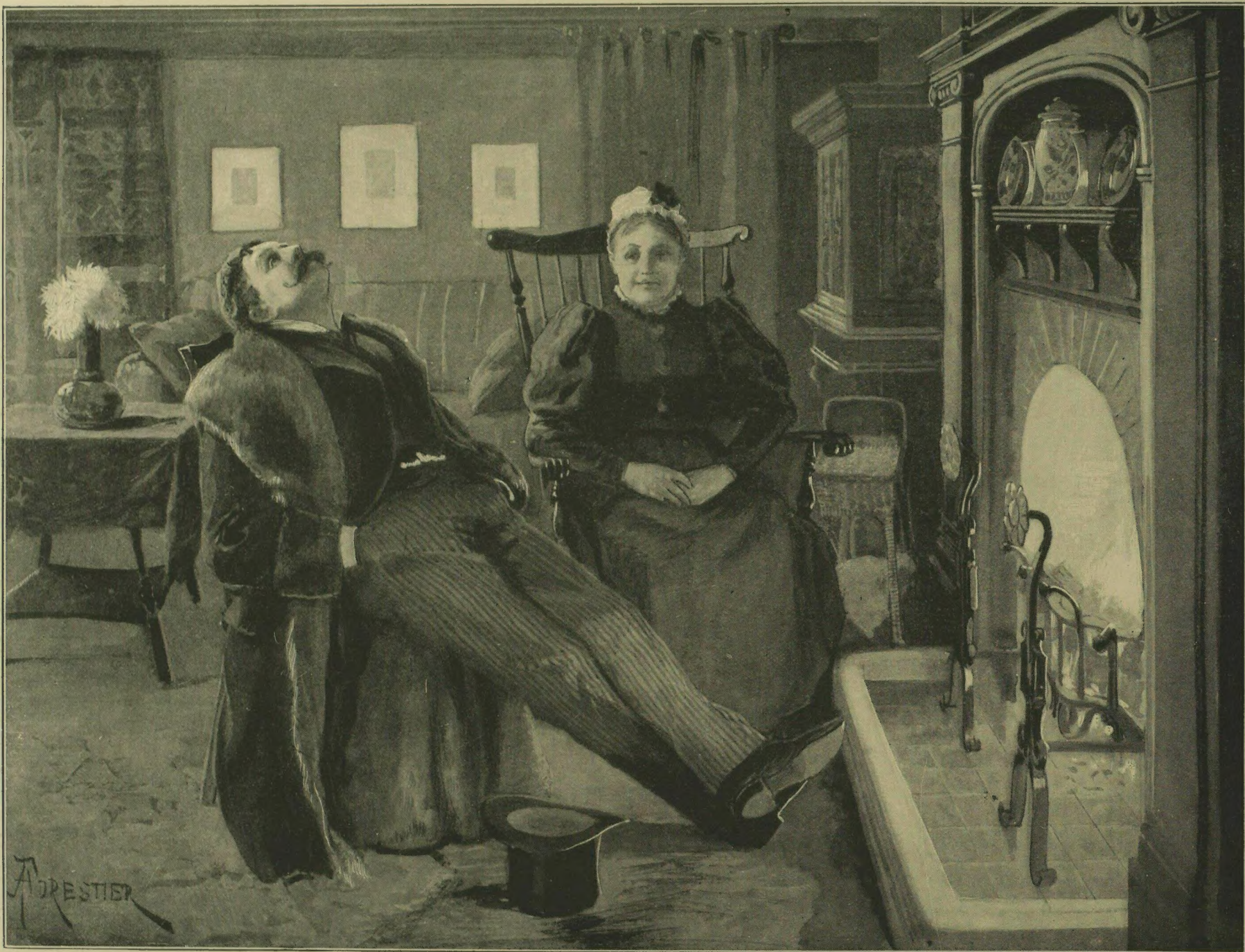
But Mr. Burke could give her no recent news of Captain Horn and Edna, she having heard from them later than he had; and the only one of the people of the *Castor* of whom he could tell her was Edward Shirley, who had gone into business.

He had bought a share in a shipyard, for he was a man who had a great idea about the lines of a vessel, and all that sort of thing, and had determined to put his money into that business. He was a long-headed fellow, and Burke had no doubt that he would soon hear of some fine craft coming from the yard of his old shipmate.

something had happened to me. You did not expect to find me living in this little house."

"No, by the Lord Harry, I didn't!" exclaimed Burke slapping his knee. "You must excuse me, Mrs. Cliff, for speaking out in that way, but really, I never was so much surprised as when I came into your front yard. I thought I would find you in the finest house in the place until you could have a stately mansion built somewhere in the outskirts of the town, where there would be room enough for a park. But, when I came to this house, I couldn't help thinking that perhaps some beastly bank had broke and that your share of the golden business had been swept away. Things like that do happen to women you know, and I suppose they always will; but I am mighty glad to hear you are all right."

"But, as you have asked me to tell you my story, I will make short work of it; and then I would like to hear what has happened to you—as much as you please to tell me about it."



Burke thrust his hands into his pockets, leaned back in his chair, and looked at the ceiling of the room.

changed, but it is not so with you. You are the same as ever, I declare you are!"

Mrs. Cliff took the proffered hand and looked into the face of the speaker. There was something there which seemed familiar, but she had never known such a fine gentleman as this. She thought over the people she had seen in France and in California, but she could not recollect this face.

"It's a mean thing to be puzzling you, Mrs. Cliff," said the stranger with a cheery smile. "I'm George Burke, seaman on the *Castor*, where I saw more of you, Mrs. Cliff, than I've ever seen since; for, though we have both been a good deal jumbled up since, we haven't been jumbled up together, so I don't wonder if you don't remember me, especially as I didn't wear clothes like these on the *Castor*. Not by any means, Mrs. Cliff!"

"I remember you," she said, and she shook his hand warmly. "I remember you, and you had a mate named Edward Shirley."

"Yes, indeed!" said Burke, "and he's all right, and I'm all right, and how are you?"

The overcoat with the fur trimmings came off, and with the hat, the cane, and the gloves, was laid upon a chair, and Burke and Mrs. Cliff sat down to talk over old times and old friends.

"But how about yourself, Mr. Burke? I want to know what has happened to you and what you intend doing, and how you chance to be coming this way."

"Oh, I will tell you everything that has happened to me," said Mr. Burke, "and it won't take long. But first let me ask you something, Mrs. Cliff." And as he spoke he quietly rose and shut the parlour door.

"Now, then," said he, as he seated himself, "we have all been in the same box, or, I should say, in the same boxes of different kinds, and although I may not have the right to call myself a friend, I am just as friendly to you as if I was one, and I feel as if people who have been through what we have ought to stand by each other even after they have got over their hardest rubs."

"Now, Mrs. Cliff, has anything happened to you? Have you had any set-backs? I know that this is a mighty queer world, and that even the richest people can often come down with a sudden thump, just as if they had slipped on the ice."

Mrs. Cliff smiled. "Nothing has happened to me," she said. "I have had no set-backs, and I am just as rich to-day—I should say a great deal richer, than I was on the day when Captain Horn made the division of the treasure. But I know very well why you thought

"Now, when I got my money, Mrs. Cliff, which, when compared to what your share must have been was like a dory to a three-mast schooner, but still quite enough for me, and perhaps more than enough if a public vote could be taken on the subject, I was in Paris, a jolly place for a rich sailor, and I said to myself—

"'Now, Mr. Burke,' said I, for I might as well begin by using good manners, 'the general disposition of a sea-faring man is to go on a lark, or perhaps, a good many larks, and so get rid of it, and then ship again before the mast for fourteen dollars per month, or thereabouts.'"

"But I made up my mind right there on the spot that that sort of thing wouldn't suit me. The very idea of shipping again on a merchant vessel made the blood run cold inside of me, and I swore to myself that I wouldn't do it."

"From Paris I went to England and took passage for home; and I had a first-class state-room, and laid in a lot of good clothes before I started. I don't think I ever had greater comfort in my life than sittin' on deck, smokin' a good cigar, and watchin' the able-bodied seamen at their work."

"I hope I'm not tiring you, Madam, but I'm trying to cut things as short as I can. It's often said that a sailor is all at sea when he is on shore; but I was a country



fellow before I was a sailor, and land doings come naturally to me when I fix my mind on them.

"I'd made up my mind I was going to build my mother a house on Cape Cod; but when I got home I thought it better to buy her one already built; and that's what I did, and I stayed there with her a little while, but I didn't like it. I'd a notion of having another house near my mother's, but I gave up that. There's too much sea about Cape Cod.

"Now, she liked it, for she's a regular sailor's mother; but I couldn't feel that I was really a rich fellow living ashore until I got out of hearing of the ocean and out of smelling of salt and tar, so I made up my mind that I'd go inland and settle somewhere on a place of my own, where I might have command of some sort of farm.

"I didn't know just exactly what I wanted, nor just exactly where I wanted to go, so I thought it best to look around a little and held council with somebody or other. I couldn't hold council with my mother, because she wanted me to buy a ship and take command of her. And then I thought of Captain Horn, and going to ask him. But the Captain is a great man——"

"Indeed he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Cliff. "We all know that!"

"But he is off on his own business," continued Burke, "and what sort of a princely concern he's got on hand I don't know. Anyway, he wouldn't want me following him about and bothering him, and so I thought of everybody I could; and at last it struck me that there wasn't anybody better than you, Mrs. Cliff, to give me the points I wanted, for I always liked you, Mrs. Cliff, and I consider you a woman of good sense down to the keel. And, as I heard you were living in a sort of country place, I thought you'd be the very person that I could come and talk to and get points.

"I felt a hankering, anyway, after some of the old people of the *Castor*, for, after having all that money divided among us, it made me feel as if we belonged to the same family. I suppose that was one reason why I felt a sort of drawing to you, you know. Anyway, I knew where you lived, and I came right here and arrived this morning. After I'd taken a room at the hotel I asked for your house and came straight here."

"And very glad am I to see you, Mr. Burke!" said Mrs. Cliff, speaking honestly from the bottom of her heart.

She had not known Burke very well, but she had always looked upon him as a fine, manly sailor; and now that he had come to her she was conscious of the family feeling which he had spoken of, and she was very glad to see him.

She saw that Burke was very anxious to know why she was living in a plain fashion in this unpretentious house, but she found it would be very difficult to explain the matter to him. Hers was not a straightforward tale, which she could simply sit and tell, and, moreover, although she liked Burke and thought it probable that he was a man of very good heart, she did not believe that he was capable of advising her in the perplexities which her wealth had thrown about her.

Still, she talked to him and told him what she thought she could make him properly understand, and so, from one point to another, she went on, until she had given the ex-sailor a very good idea of the state of her mind in regard to what she was doing, and what she thought she ought to do.

When Mrs. Cliff had finished speaking, Burke thrust his hands into his pockets, leaned back in his chair, and looked at the ceiling of the room, the walls, and the floor. He wanted to say something, but he was not prepared to do so. His mind, still nautical, decided to take an observation and determine the latitude and longitude of Mrs. Cliff, but the skies were very much overcast.

At this moment Willy Croup knocked at the parlour door; and when Mrs. Cliff went to her, she asked if the gentleman was going to stay to dinner.

Mrs. Cliff was surprised—she had no idea it was so late; but she went back to Mr. Burke and urged him to stay to dinner. He consented instantly, declaring that this was the first time that anybody not his mother had asked him to dinner since he came into his fortune.

When Mrs. Cliff had excused herself to give some directions about the meal, Burke walked about the parlour, carefully examining everything in it. When he had finished his survey, he sat down and shook his head.

"The trouble with her is," he said to himself, "that she's so dreadfully afraid of running ashore that she will never reach any port; that's what's the matter!"

When Mrs. Cliff returned she asked her visitor if he would like to see her house, and she showed him over it with great satisfaction, for she had filled every room with all the handsome and appropriate things she could get into

it. Burke noticed everything, and spoke with approbation of many things, but, as he walked behind his hostess, he kept shaking his head.

He went down to dinner and was introduced to Willy Croup, who had been ordered to go and dress herself that she might appear at the meal. He shook hands with her very cordially, and then looked all around the little dining-room, taking in every feature of its furnishing and adornment. When he had finished he would have been glad to shake his head again, but this would have been observed.

When the dinner came on, however, Mr. Burke had no desire to shake his head. It was what might have been called a family dinner, but there was such a variety, such an abundance, everything was so admirably cooked, and the elderberry wine, which was produced in his honour, was so much more rich and fragrant to his taste than the wines he had had at hotels, that Mr. Burke was delighted.

Now he felt that in forming an opinion as to Mrs. Cliff's manner of living he had some grounds to stand upon. "What she wants," thought he, "is all the solid, sensible comfort her money can give her, and where she knows what she wants she gets it; but the trouble seems to be that in most things she doesn't know what she wants."

When Mr. Burke that afternoon walked back to the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HERBERT HORATIO KITCHENER, K.C.M.G.,  
AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN AND SIRDAR OF THE KHEDIVE'S ARMY; COMMANDER OF THE  
EGYPTIAN FORCES ADVANCING TOWARDS DONGOLA.

hotel wrapped in his fur-trimmed coat and carefully puffing a fine Havana cigar, he had entirely forgotten his own plans and purposes in life and was engrossed in those of Mrs. Cliff.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Reginald Smith, who has earned considerable repute as a water-colour painter, dealing chiefly with coast scenery, has made a successful excursion into the domain of "black and white." The subjects of his two pictures, "Summer Seas" and "Winter Seas" (Frost and Reed, Bristol) are sufficiently indicated by their titles: in the one we have the bright mirror of the sky glistening in sunshine, in the other the angry waves are breaking over a rocky headland. The work is delicate and the composition decorative, and for their reproduction much credit is due to both the process and the printing.

The annual meeting of the Selden Society was held in the Council Room, Lincoln's Inn, on March 25, Lord Herschell presiding. The chairman, in his speech for the adoption of the yearly report, summarised the society's work during the past twelve months, and expressed a hope that the number of members would in the future increase beyond the present 223. He quoted Professor Lieberman's opinion, shared by many Continental lawyers, that all historians and students of law owe a debt of gratitude to the society for its publication of many important works previously inaccessible. Since the beginning of last year, the society has made a notable contribution to the history of English law by issuing four volumes of "Select Pleas in the Court of Admiralty" for the years 1892-95.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Alexander was on March 24 enthroned in Armagh Cathedral as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin preached the sermon, and in responding to the formal address the new Primate spoke of his illustrious predecessors in the holy office, and of the many mighty dead whose memory thronged the cathedral to which he had been called by his election. Archbishop Alexander, preaching his last sermon as Bishop of Derry in his cathedral, mentioned that he had preached there five or six hundred times. He had tried that his sermons should be Church-like, Christian, and full of peace. He left with pain a scene so dear. Referring to the possibilities of his coming back, the Archbishop said that in one different way he should come back. "Perhaps it will be at the present season of the year, when the spring is beginning to be busy in your beautiful cemetery, when the leaves and blossoms are coming out, and the soft blue sky is reflected in the glorious waters of the Foyle, and when the magic colour is beginning to be seen on the woods of the Prehen, and the hills on the other side; and the funeral will come, and another worker's busy hands will be folded, and another thinker's brain will be still."

The late Archdeacon Denison was fond of telling how, in his days at Eton, the boys, when taking leave, used to slip a ten-pound note into Keate's hands. Being in some fright when he found himself alone with Dr. Keate, the boy dropped the note, which fluttered to the ground. "My tact, if I had any, deserted me, and I stooped to pick it up and present it. So doing, my head came in collision with Keate's foot, which had followed the note, and covered and secured it." One of the last books which Archdeacon Denison read was Mr. Gladstone's "Bishop Butler." The marker where he had left off was in its place.

Canon Knox Little has not drawn together such large crowds in St. Paul's Cathedral during Lent as usual, but he has preached with his customary force. He has said much about the indissolubility of marriage, and has strongly denounced the corruption in society.

Canon Gore has received the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh.

On the Feast of the Annunciation the Rev. G. Carnac Fisher, formerly Vicar of Croydon, was consecrated Bishop-Suffragan of Southampton by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Guildford, and Bishop Barry. The ceremony was held in Lambeth Church, and the preacher was the Rev. E. W. Knollys, Vicar of St. Mark's, South Norwood.

Preaching in Manchester, the Dean of Ely said that the character of St. Francis of Assisi was more inspiring than that of the majority of Manchester millionaires. "There was a place in the world for Quixotic generosity. Even in commerce no wealth was legitimately earned that was not an exchange valued for service rendered—service, moreover, that ministered to life, and helped to common good. No wealth was honest wealth—he was sorry for the members of the Stock Exchange—that was accumulated by taking advantage of the ignorance of other people."

Viscount Halifax has been speaking in favour of reunion with Nonconformists. He said that to ask the Nonconformist bodies to take steps to legitimatise their position from the Church of England point of view as well as from their own was one thing; to ask them to deny their spiritual past was altogether another. It was not retractions that were wanted, but affirmations, and he thought Dr. Parker of the City Temple preached a noble sermon on this point not long ago, and well indicated the spirit in which the subject ought to be treated.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Rheims called together all his fellow-prelates to the old capital of French Christianity in October 1896, to celebrate the anniversary of the baptism of King Clovis by St. Remigius, and the beginnings of French Christianity in the year 496. But the Minister of Public Worship has peremptorily prohibited the intended festival, on the ground that any gathering together of the French Bishops without permission first obtained from the authorities of the French Republic is a violation of the French ecclesiastical laws. The Government has informed the Archbishop that no French Bishop is permitted to leave his own see, or to unite in any council with other French Bishops, unless he has first asked and obtained license and authorisation from the Government.

Cardinal Vaughan has applied to the Heralds' College for a grant of archiepiscopal arms, which was refused him on the ground that that society had no right to dispose of the archiepiscopal arms of Canterbury or York. Thereupon, the Cardinal sought and obtained from the Pope a grant of the archiepiscopal arms with a different field, red being substituted for blue, to signify the martyrdom of Roman Catholics in post-Reformation times. These arms, when not tinctured, are indistinguishable from the Primate's, and, when tinctured, are those worn at various times by the Archbishops of York.

A most significant Roman Catholic departure is the grant of permission by the Pope for students to reside at the Universities under certain specified conditions. The Hebdomadal Council at Oxford has granted a license to a Jesuit father, the Rev. R. F. Clarke, a former Fellow and tutor of St. John's College, to open a private hall of residence in St. Giles's.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



THE ROAD THROUGH THE DESERT TO KHARTOUM, SEEN FROM THE OBSERVATORY POINT ON THE MOUNTAIN AT KOROSKO.



## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



WADY HALFA FROM THE NORTH.

The inhabitants of Upper Egypt have apparently hailed the projected campaign with enthusiasm, as they hope it will result in a resumption of the lucrative trade they formerly carried on with Berber and the fertile region round Khartoum. Perhaps of all places, that which would gain most by such a revival is Korosko. If it had to rely on its own resources this town would certainly not have the slightest of claims to posterity; but, situated as it is at the northern end of one of those tremendous bends which characterise the Upper Nile, it is the starting point of a direct but now little frequented caravan route to Berber. One of our Illustrations shows this route stretching away across the desert as it is seen from the mountain-side observatory near the town of Korosko. But for this advantage Korosko would probably never have sprung into existence. The town consists of the usual collection of mud hovels, with lines of barracks and one or two buildings of more pretentious appearance, situated in a sandy plain beneath a ridge of rugged and sterile hills. The very barrenness

of the surroundings gives the place an undeniably picturesque appearance as seen from the river, behind a foreground of clustering date palms. Such trade as the place possesses is centred on the river. As a rule, this is represented by a few feluccas, an occasional steamer, and a barge or two of cattle and provender; but at the present moment, maybe, Korosko scarcely recognises herself, and is beguiled by a scene of unwonted activity into believing that fortune has once again smiled on her.

Some miles above Korosko there is a sandbank of considerable interest to the tourist, because it occasionally boasts of an attraction in the shape of a crocodile. Many travellers' tales are told as to the origin and status of this monster; but the fact remains that, if in a friendly mood, there he will display himself. The tourist who is not favoured by the expected apparition feels distinctly aggrieved, and tries hard to persuade himself that the next log of drift-wood that meets his eye must assuredly

be the crocodile he has been on the look-out for. A small Camel Corps dépôt established on the left bank of the river lies about eight miles below the Second Cataract, and from it an ill-defined track leads over the desert to the famous Abusir rock, which towers above the rapids. The scenery at this part of the river recalls that of the First Cataract, save that everything is on a far larger scale. There is the same array of rugged rocks, verdant islands, and sandy shores; but the rocks are blacker, the sand brighter, and the islands more numerous, while the stream itself rushes through multitudinous channels that baffle any attempt to follow their course with the eye. Above the bank stillness reigns supreme. There is neither life, movement, nor vegetation; and the countless names cut on the historical rock, with the traditional license which time has sanctioned, are the only indications that for many generations past man has been in the habit of visiting this spot for the purpose of gazing on the wondrous and awe-striking scene below.



THE SECOND CATARACT, SOUTH OF WADY HALFA.



## LITERATURE.

## TALES BY FIONA MACLEOD.

*The Sin-Eater, and other Tales.* By Fiona Macleod. (Patrick Geddes and Brothers, Edinburgh.)—Here is another weird presentation of the life and more sombre characteristics of the Scottish Celt by Miss Fiona Macleod, whose name and surname alike recall sights and sounds of the Hebrides, "placed far amid the melancholy main." Hers is still the Gael whom she has portrayed in her former fictions—melancholy, imaginative, superstitious, fiercely passionate in his love and still more fiercely vindictive in his hate. Her descriptions of nature harmonise as before with the character of the race as she delineates it, and with the tragic gloom which in her pages for ever broods over existence in the western highlands and islands of Scotland. Yonder, according to Miss Macleod, love itself brings only death to the lover or his loved one, and there is never a smile on those now moaning, now stormy seas, on those cloud-capped mountains, dark forests, and desolate moors. In one of her marvellous word-pictures, which in their deep sympathy with nature are unsurpassed in modern fiction, there is a vivid description of the "summer sleep" of a Highland valley. But "the gloom of July was upon the trees," and "the meadows lay in shadow, as it were, even when the sun-flood poured upon them." In the sunshine of Miss Macleod's July itself there is always "gloom" and always "shadow."

The opening story, "The Sin-Eater," is one of the most powerfully told, and therefore one of the most painful, in the volume. It is founded on a Highland superstition, in which, seemingly, a survival of a Pagan rite is blended with the strangely transformed Judaic tradition of the scapegoat. If anyone can be bribed by a small sum of money to perform a prescribed rite and to utter some prescribed words over a corpse, he takes upon him the sins of the dead man and is known as the Sin-eater. Neil Ross, aged, broken-down, and penniless, is on his way to his old home in Iona, island of the saints. He comes to avenge a deadly wrong done to his mother, and conceals his own identity. But before he leaves the mainland he finds that the wrongdoer is dead, and the kinsfolk of the deceased, ignorant of Ross's feeling towards him, and fancying that the wanderer is a stranger to the district, bribe him to become Sin-eater. More powerful bribe than the money offered is the assurance given him by an old dame, versed in Celtic tradition, that if the Sin-eater hates the dead man he can cast into the sea the sins that he has taken upon him, when they will become changed into demons of the air, who will harry until the Day of Judgment the flying soul of the deceased. Here is indeed a promise of vengeance. But when Ross tries thus to get rid of his burden he finds that he has been deceived, let him woo the waves as he will. He is haunted by his burden of sin and shunned by his neighbours in Iona. At last he goes mad, fancies himself to be Judas who sold his Master for silver, and perishes miserably among the waves of the stormy sea into which he has cast himself, lashed to a spar.

Miss Macleod's love-stories are all of them tragedies, more or less dismal. One of the shortest of them, apparently founded on fact, may be summarised thus: Ian Melan, the "mountain poet," loves and is loved by the fair Ethlenn (Ellen) Stuart, "Daughter of the Sun." He has an unscrupulous rival in her cousin, Roderick Stuart, through whose craft he is induced to believe that his brother is dying in London, and longs to see him. Ian starts at once for London, where he is inveigled into a house which proves to be a private lunatic asylum, and there he is immured without means of communicating with Ethlenn. She learns the truth so far as to be certain that Ian has been spirited away by her cousin. She seeks the traitor out, and springing on him, pushes him into the deep tarn on the brink of which they are talking, and from which he never rises alive. Ian had escaped the day before the tragedy, and when he reaches home finds the corpse of Ethlenn on the sea-shore.

In a striking dedication, addressed "from Iona" to George Meredith, Miss Macleod replies to some of her critics who had blamed her for "the Celtic gloom" which pervaded her former books. She has not striven, she says, to "depict the blither Irish Celt"; and, so far as she knows him, in the Scottish Gael the "Celtic gloom" is paramount. "Destiny" is "the sombre Demogorgon of the Celt." "You," she tells Mr. Meredith, "of all living writers can best understand this, for in you the Celtic genius burns a pure flame"; although, she adds, "the Cymric blood that is in you moves to a more lightsome measure than that of the Scottish Gael." Both sad and hopeful is this epistle to Mr. Meredith. It is sad because Miss Macleod sees that "the Celt has at last reached his horizon. There is no shore beyond. He knows it." She is hopeful; for "if the genius of the Celtic race stands out now with averted torch, the light of it is a glory before the eyes, and the flame of it is blown into the hearts of the mightier conquering people. The Celt falls, but his spirit rises in the heart and the brain of the Anglo-Celtic peoples, with whom are the destinies of the generations to come." How such a sentence as this would have delighted Matthew Arnold and Ernest Renan!

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

*The Robe of Lucifer.* By Frederick White. (A. D. Innes and Co.)—The power shown in "The Robe of Lucifer" is great but clumsy. There is a lack of artistic congruity in the bold conception, and of artistic lightness of touch and fineness of finish about the execution. The initial incongruity of making the two saints accessory to the soul-murders of the two demons—which is ever present to the reader's mind—never once seems to have occurred to the author's. A millionaire makes a bet with a devout poet that he will corrupt through his Machiavellian agent the most seemingly incorruptible men in England, and the poet and a divine girl, who is his pupil and the millionaire's intended bride, calmly watch victim after victim being entrapped into atrocious crimes. No reader can get over the feeling that the saintly girl and poet, no less than the devilish millionaire and his Machiavelli, deserve hanging ten times over. The satire, again, is too often of the following heavy-handed kind: "The motif of her famous story, 'Stockings

and Stark Madness,' is the domestic misery caused in an alternately (sic) happy household by the fact that an otherwise perfect wife will persist in wearing garters below the knee, thus inducing wrinkled hose." But the stories of temptation are told with a power that carries you away, in spite of the many stumbling-blocks of preposterous improbabilities put in your path. There are, too, to take the sulphureous taste out of your mouth, stories of resistance to temptation, which are almost as much more interesting as they are more acceptable, while the unexpected dénouement in its power and its pathos makes you forget and forgive all the cheap cynicism of the earlier chapters.

*Architects of Fate; or, Steps to Success and Power.* A book designed to inspire Youth to Character—Building, Self-Culture, and Noble Achievement. By Orison Swett Marsden. (Thomas Nelson and Sons.)—Dr. Smiles's "Self-Help" has given birth to a numerous progeny, of which this substantial volume is the youngest and by no means the least promising. The methods by which success, and that far from always of a merely worldly kind, has been and is to be attained are illustrated by examples drawn from the great storehouse of history and biography, and enforced by telling quotations from the wise and good of many ages and nations. In one important respect Mr. Marsden's volume shows a marked advance on Dr. Smiles's book, one not altogether unjustly reproached with encouraging a cult which does not stand in need of encouragement—the Worship of Number One. The beauty of unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and all that is included in the modern expression "altruism" is never left long out of sight in Mr. Marsden's pages. The volume appears to be American in its origin, and English readers will find the charm of novelty in many of the interesting references made to sayings and doings of more or less distinguished natives of the United States.

*The Judge of the Four Corners.* By G. B. Burgin. (A. D. Innes and Co.)—At a ball in a Canadian village, Four Corners, one guest had the tip of his ear grazed by a bullet. "W—what's that?" he asked. "That? Oh, I guess it's only Pa," replied the fair partner. It was, in fact, a hint from "Pa" of disapproval of the young gentleman's attentions to his daughter. Presently another guest had a lock of his hair cut deftly off by a bullet—a hint from a rival that his attentions to the lady he was walking with were objectionable; not, however, to the lady, who calmly took up the lock and pocketed it. It is the deacon of the village who thus indicates his disapproval of his daughter's partner in the dance; and it is its judge who gives the same gentle intimation to his rival. These are sample incidents of this stirring story, which is consistently incredible throughout. The introduction of a single probable character or incident, like the intrusion of a mortal upon a fairy revel, would be fatal—all would then "melt into air—into thin air." The humour of the book, which radiates from a grotesque virago (whose hair, by the way, is "scanty and hay-coloured" in one page, and in another "dark and luxuriant, trailing down her shoulders like black snakes"), is as overstrained as its incidents. Its pathos is more genuine. Its interest, which, after all, is the main thing, is unquestionable.

*Gifts and Weirds.* By Lily Perks. (Richard Bentley and Son.)—"Gifts and Weirds" is a girlish story of two disastrous engagements which are broken off in strict accordance with poetic justice. The pretty Radical crusader, who engaged herself to an artisan, because he was an artisan, is rewarded by the retirement of this singularly repellent specimen of a Socialist working man in favour of his aristocratic rival—a young Oxonian, who is continually risking his life heroically. On the other hand, the lady who is entangled remorsefully in an engagement made in a spirit of worldliness, has the knot severed by a tragic death, too late for her to find happiness with the man she loved. Whether she would have found with him the happiness she imagined is a question which no male reader would hesitate to answer in the negative, since he is the most ponderous of prigs. Here is an average specimen of his conversation with the girl he loves: "The mystery of spiritual growth carries us into a region beyond the farthest limit which our knowledge has touched—farther away than the limitless leagues of ocean which lie beyond that blue horizon line. We are, indeed, eternally voyaging, voyaging, voyaging. We know not why or whither." Indeed, all the men have the stamp, "Made in a girls' school," upon them. The women are better, and the young Radical crusader, who wears spectacles only as the flag of her crusade, giving them up when it is given up, is sufficiently natural and interesting to float the story.

*Told in the Twilight.* By Adeline Sergeant. (F. V. White and Co.)—Why in the twilight? There is nothing eerie in any of these short stories, nor tragic, nor thrilling. There is, indeed, a murder committed by one lunatic, and attempted by another; but neither your interest in the victim or intended victim, nor your excitement at the death-grapple with the murderous madman is melodramatically wrought up. These stories, however, may be read in the twilight, as in an hour which is often, so to say, marginal—a bit of waste time not long enough for settled occupation.

*A Happy Boy.* By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Mrs. W. Archer. (William Heinemann.)—It is strange that this exquisite prose idyll, which has been translated into a score of languages and has passed through numberless editions in foreign tongues, should never have appeared in the original as an independent publication. Norway may be embarrassed to-day with literary riches, but not, surely, with such un-Ibsenite tales as this, which is steeped in the still sunlight and drenched with the dew of the morning. No reader, not the jaded reviewer even, but fears, as Ben Jonson said of Bacon's speeches, lest this perfect pastoral "should make an end." It is the only disappointment of the book that you are not granted more glimpses of Eyvind and Marit, whose lovemaking unfolds itself shyly as a violet by a mossy stone from their very infancy to their marriage. In every exquisite scene the contrast between the two

natures—between Eyvind's strength and straightforwardness and the fearful and almost furtive womanly hiding of herself of Marit from her grandfather, from Eyvind, from her own very heart, is subtly brought out. "The fear of God in her mind," says the old schoolmaster, a Norwegian Vicar of Wakefield, "is like water in a shallow pool: it is there when it rains, but when the sun shines it is gone."

Only when Shakspeare and Scott cease to be reprinted will it be time to lament the degeneracy of the day. There is no fear of that just yet. On the back of Messrs. Dent's charming Temple Edition, Sir George Newnes sends forth from the same press (Turnbull and Spears, Edinburgh) a new edition. The first volume contains four of the comedies. It is prettily printed, and is just the right size. The series will be completed in twelve eighteenpenny volumes.

*Kriegspiel: The War Game.* By Francis Hindes Groome. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited.)—If this, as there is reason to believe, be Mr. Groome's first novel, his readers will hope that it is the precursor of more from the same pen. Hitherto he has been known chiefly as the author of a book showing a personal and genial knowledge of gipsy life second only to George Borrow's, of a volume of Suffolk reminiscences containing a charming sketch of Edward FitzGerald—a quotation from his classical translation from Omar Khayyám furnished it with an epigraph—and as the editor of the "Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland," one far above the average of similar works of reference, combining amplitude and accuracy of detail with attention to the historical, traditional, and romantic associations so rife in the country of Walter Scott. Seemingly, at one bound, Mr. Groome has taken rank among the most promising novelists of the day, so full is "Kriegspiel" of interest, of stirring incident, and of vivid and varied sketches of men and manners, drawn from contemporary English life. Indeed, so crowded is the book with what is fashionable to call "human documents" as to make it impossible to give in narrow limits the faintest notion of the richness of the material which Mr. Groome has worked up into a very striking tale. Since a selection must be made, it will be that of the gipsy girl, who is almost the heroine of the story. Sagul is a true creation. She is not an idealised and operatic gitana, like the Esmeralda of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," but a living flesh-and-blood gipsy girl of the England of to-day, with her ungrammatical patter, her little vanities and tawdry finery, even vulgarity, yet sublime in her love for, and self-sacrificing devotion to, the youthful hero, who, though grateful, cannot return her affection. How she saves him from imminent death and herself dies when the curtain falls, the reader must learn for himself from Mr. Groome's pages, in which grave is abundantly blended with gay and lively with severe.

*The New Virtue.* By Mrs. Oscar Beringer. In Eight Books. "The Pioneer Series." (William Heinemann.)—Mrs. Grundy will probably pronounce "The New Virtue" only old vice writ large. It is strong meat, certainly, and a trifle indigestible, since its central situation is sufficiently improbable. It is the classical situation of Æneas and Dido being driven by a thunderstorm into a cave, with the classical result; except that, as Dido is but sixteen, she has not the faintest suspicion of what has befallen her; while Æneas, who might have enlightened her, is struck dead in the storm. So invincible is Dido's innocence that she marries within a month of being a mother without the slightest idea of her state. When the bridegroom ventures to call her attention to it by dumb but expressive signs, she is at an utter loss to understand his meaning, while his unintelligible rage drives her distraught. In this state she becomes a mother without knowing it, nor is she allowed to know of it after the recovery of her reason. But the bride's invincible innocence is less wildly improbable than the bridegroom's invincible belief in it, which, after the first shock of surprise, is so implicit that he declines even to listen to any explanation of her startling condition. The hero, however, is altogether inscrutable. You are again and again assured of "his Quixotic regard for women" and of "his beautiful belief in their purity"; yet this regard and this belief are consistent, you are asked to believe, with a long course of brutal and brutalising dealings with the sex. "Like a train of accusing ghosts rose up his past loves before him one by one. His hours of debauch, passion, and dallying reawoke and lived again in burning and passionate resurrection. Again the memory of reproachful eyes, the taunts from scornful lips, wounded and maddened him with newly poisoned darts." "The New Virtue," in a word, is assured of success. Everyone in it has a past, and a bad past at that; every situation is strong and warm, while the style catches fire from the inflammable matter.

*H. de Balzac. La Grande Bretèche, and other Stories.* Translated by Clara Bell, with a Preface by George Saintsbury. (J. M. Dent.)—Another instalment of the English translation of Balzac's vast and multifarious prose epic, the "Comédie Humaine." The volume consists of stories, shorter and longer, varying in merit, but always characteristic of the great French novelist. Among the shortest is one of the most powerful that ever came from Balzac's pen, "La Grande Bretèche," a sternly tragical tale of a husband's vengeance. Professor Saintsbury's critical and elucidative preface is, as usual, acute and informing. The translation is satisfactorily executed.

*Reynaud's Guide to Rome.*—This is, for the purpose of the tourist who is anxious to see the greatest amount of Rome in the shortest possible time, a capital and handy guidebook. It is prefaced by a large and useful map, which, however, should, we think, localise such important streets as the Via Gregoriana and the Via Sistina, especially when the insignificant little Capo le Case, which joins the two, is marked with some prominence. The little book, which costs one franc, contains full and most serviceable time-tables for visits to the churches, monuments, museums, and galleries; and the various sights of Rome are dealt with, wisely, according to the possibilities of daily expeditions. There is also a very useful and complete index, and throughout the little work contains a great variety of information.



## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

When Biblical criticism first came into fashion, two gentlemen had to edit an article on the subject. One was a learned, the other an acute man. The latter briefly censured a whole string of propositions as "Gibberish"; the former deemed this a highly illiberal and ignorant remark. It *was* ignorant, it was illiberal; but—it was true! The elegant, advanced, erudite theories dismissed as gibberish have been superseded, I understand, being no longer held by the learned. "Damned at a venture," they deserved their condemnation.

One is reminded of this proof that everything new is not true by a pretty little volume called "Lyrical Poetry from the Bible," edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys (J. M. Dent and Co). Verily the book is pretty. There is a frontispiece after Blake. There is a Cupid throwing a flower or other vegetable tribute to a Greek young lady, occupied with what is probably a musical instrument with a stereoscopic pair of safety valves. There is an Introduction about Milton, Renan, and Dr. Driver, Sir Philip

Then we have "The Song of Deborah 600 B.C.?" That is the heading, but the note very consistently says, "The probable date is the eleventh century B.C." If so, why head the poem "600 B.C.?" Where is the sense, not to say the science, in such criticism? Suppose I edit "The Border Minstrelsy" thus: "Sir Patrick Spens (eighteenth century?)." A note adds, "The probable date is the thirteenth century A.D." No reader gets any knowledge, no reader gets anything but a smile or a sigh out of such ballad criticism.

Try Hannah's "Song of Thanksgiving." "It presupposes the monarchy," for "He shall give strength unto his King," and that is all the historical or chronological information which can be extracted. Ewald thinks that Psalm xi. is contemporary with David; Mr. Cheyne thinks it is centuries later; and the amateur may take his choice. Psalm lx. has a fragment of the tenth century B.C., "the remaining verses were evidently added several centuries later." Why "evidently"? On what evidence? Much criticism of ancient poetry reads as if one said "'Scots wha hae,' was begun by Robert Bruce, after his defeats, and probably finished by George IV., in exile."

in the *Strand Magazine* for March. Keen swords, point and edge, do not wound him; he could be, and is, subjected to the torture of Regulus, all unharmed. The Vienna doctors put it down to "a kind of anaesthesia," *et voilà pourquoi votre fille est muette*. Anaesthesia would account (obviously) for want of feeling, but not for the absence of lesions. Iamblichus mentions people like Rannin, but offers a mystic explanation.

## BURMESE FRONTIER DISPUTES.

Many disturbances have for some time past been arising between the wild Kachin or Chin tribes, who occupy the outlying highlands east of the head waters of the Irrawaddy, in the Bhamo and Katha districts of Upper Burmah, and the more peaceful Shans, whose territory lies on both sides of the border between Burmah and Indo-China. The Chins are of a particularly warlike disposition, and it will be remembered that they gave a good deal of trouble, at intervals, to British troops and exploring expeditions down to the middle of the year 1894, when they were completely disarmed and reduced to quietude. In November last Mr. H. F. Hertz was dispatched as the deputy of the Burmese Government, with a military police escort, to



MILITARY POLICE ESCORT ACCOMPANYING MR. H. F. HERTZ, WHO IS DEPUTED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF BURMAH TO SETTLE THE TRANSFRONTIER DISPUTE BETWEEN THE KACHIN TRIBES AND THE SHANS.

From a Photograph supplied by Lieutenant R. F. Bidwell, in command of the escort.

Sidney, and Dean Perowne. There are notes on the chronology and historical origins of the Psalms, and these notes owe much to Ewald, Cheyne, and Mr. White.

The notes amuse a sceptic who distrusts the Highest Criticism. First, we have Moses' song of triumph after crossing the Red Sea, a circumstance more worthy of lyrical commemoration than Jameson's ride. The first three verses "may date from the time of Moses. In its present form the song clearly presupposes settlement in Canaan." In my opinion, the song presupposes nothing of the kind. It looks forward to settlement in Canaan—

When Israel comes hame,  
To his ain countrie,

"all the inhabitants of Canaan *shall* melt away." This does not imply that they have already melted, but the reverse. "Certain critics suppose it to be post-exilic (5th cent. B.C.), but, on the whole, it may justifiably be dated from 700 B.C." Why may it be so dated? On evidence of language, metre, or what? How do we know that, in 700 B.C., a poet would "fake" a song of ever so many centuries earlier? Why is 700 B.C. a better date than 500 B.C., or than the time of Moses himself, to which three verses may belong? No answers are given to any of these questions.

Horace and Theocritus are treated exactly like the Psalms by German critics: the result usually seems to myself to be gibberish. I would back myself to write a song with one old verse in it, and the puzzle for Mr. Cheyne and Dr. Driver would be to detect the old verse—that is, not by hunting for it in old collections, but by internal evidence. On this point I am ready to back my opinion by a wager, and will deposit the stakes with any reputable editor of a scientific journal.

The iniquities of housemaids are far beyond those of priests and kings. Being full of Biblical criticism, I could have pursued the subject to the end of these notes. But the gong sounded for luncheon, and on returning, afire with enthusiasm, etc., to my labours, I found that my manuscript, and Mr. Rhys's critical edition of the sacred lyrics, had both been "tidied away." A frenzied research discovered the "copy," but not the volume of sacred lyrics. "Unknown is the grave of Arthur," and also the place where the housemaid has bestowed the works of David, or of Jehoiakim, or of some "exilic" character. *Sic, lector carissime, sic te servavit Apollo!*

I would gladly know more about Rannin the thick-skinned, whose feats in braving cold sharp steel are recounted

settle all local disputes in conjunction with the Sawbwa of Nanting, an official deputed for the same purpose by the Chinese Government. By a mutual arrangement the armed force escorting Mr. Hertz has for some months been moving long distances in Chinese territory. Our illustration is taken from a photograph received from Lieutenant R. F. Bidwell, of the Burmah Military Police, who is in command of the escort. The photograph was taken by the Sawbwa, who is a Chinese Shan chieftain of considerable rank, at a village named Nawngen, in the Mong-Wan Valley, a fertile tract of Shan country, belonging to China, which lies some fifty miles east of Bhamo. In the background of our picture is a Buddhist monastery. Mr. Hertz, who may be remembered as having lectured on Burmah two years ago in London, is seated between the Sawbwa and Lieutenant Bidwell, and behind stand some of the escort and some of the Sawbwa's bodyguard. That Mr. Hertz has a mission of some difficulty is shown by the recent news of the attacks on Captain Elliott, Superintendent of the Northern Shan States, who is now traversing the Wa country east of the Salween, and has had several sharp skirmishes with the natives. The Yindu Chins, who recently made a savage raid on the plains, on March 20 attacked the Mindat garrison, but were driven back.





THE SIRDAR, BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HERBERT KITCHENER, AT ASSOUAN ON THE OCCASION OF A RECENT INSPECTION OF THE 10TH SOUDANESE REGIMENT.



BY GRANT ALLEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent writes to inquire regarding the zoological nature of the manatee, or sea-cow, specimens of which now and then figure in our collections at Regent's Park and elsewhere. The manatee is a creature allied in some respects to the whales, although, scientifically, there are many points of divergence between the whale-group and the sea-cow order. This last division is known as the *Sirenia*. Like the whales, the manatees have no hind limbs, and the tail is horizontal, and not vertical as in fishes. The front limbs form swimming-paddles. Unlike the whales, the manatees are estuarine or shore-loving creatures, and browse on sea-weeds. They represent the "sirens" (of science) since they have a habit of sitting up in the water and of nursing their young by clasping them with their flippers to their breasts. Doubtless the human aspect of these creatures (aided by that distance which "lends enchantment to the view") gave origin to the legends of mermaids and the like. The only surviving relations of the manatees are the dugongs of the shores of the Indian Ocean, which resemble the sea-cows in many essential features. An extinct form, the *Rhytina*, once inhabited the Arctic regions, but was killed off by Behring's sailors, a fact noted in these pages a few weeks ago.



## KING MENELIK AT HOME.

SKETCHES OF THE ABYSSINIAN COURT AND CAPITAL.

The reign of the present "Negus," or Emperor, of the Abyssinian dominions, including several different provinces and nations which have not always been actually united under one supreme and effective ruler, becomes important in a political and military point of view since his recent defeat of the Italian army in Tigré.

bordering on Harrar, Somaliland, and the Danakil tribes and Gallas, on that side of East Africa beyond the Red Sea coast. The French settlement at Obok, on the shores of the Tajoura Gulf, nearly opposite to Perim and Aden, has during the last thirty years opened the road to Harrar and to Shoa, which would have remained less accessible from

and big hands; dressed in a coloured silken shirt, white cotton trousers, tunic and skirts, and a black satin robe adorned with gold fringe; headgear of white muslin, with a large felt hat. He speaks the Amharic language, but not that of any European nation; yet he knows much about Europe, and inquires curiously about our modern inventions. His abilities in statesmanship and in warfare have been abundantly proved. His wife, Taitou, is a woman of commanding intellect and force of will; she detests European influences, and in particular hates the Italians. Her complexion is comparatively fair, and she was once a beauty. They lead a very regular and orderly life, attending the church service daily, and on Sundays that of the Holy Trinity Church, near the royal palace; the clergy there, on religious festival days, perform a sacred dance, beating copper drums and brandishing their crutched staves, the symbol of their priestly office, while they chant the psalms of David, as Jewish priests may have done before the Ark. But Menelik devotes most of his time to secular administration, presiding at councils of state and courts of justice, inspecting his troops, especially the artillery under command of General Baltcha, consulting with his Ministers, and receiving dispatches, with due tribute, from the provincial Governors. Wherever he goes in public a gorgeous umbrella or canopy is kept over his Majesty's head. His habits are not luxurious. He is an active traveller, always with a great train of servants and courtiers, and likes going to the ceremonial commencement of useful works, such as roads and bridges. On the whole, there have been worse Kings and Emperors in Europe than the Negus Menelik II.

His palace, called the Guébi, at Addis-Ababa, a new town distant two days' journey from the older city,



ARTILLERY AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.



AN ABYSSINIAN FIELD-BATTERY, WITH THE GENERAL OF ARTILLERY.

Massowah, the Italian seaport to the north. Obok and Djibouti, on the other shore of the gulf, are places of call for the French steamers in the Indian Ocean on their way either to Cochin China or to Madagascar. Certain French merchants

King Menelik of Shoa, representing the ancient imperial dynasty, has of late years recovered from temporary secession or rebellion those northern territories which, in 1868, at the time of the British Expedition against King Theodore, were usually called Abyssinia, so far as European intercourse with that strange region and people extended, but which a severed the tramonyarchy. was a prochief usurped in Tigré of the country, constantly Shoa, and the seat of We have rate his-knowledge manner in reunion of



KING MENELIK'S COINAGE.

sinian dominions has been effected; but Menelik is not to be regarded as a successor of Theodore: he is a much grander and more legitimate sovereign, whether or not his genealogy can be traced to Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Shoa, with its former capital, the city of Ankobar, was for ages seldom visited by European travellers. It lies in a secluded position at the extreme south of Abyssinia,

have established an inland trade with Harrar, which is under Arab rule, and with the Abyssinian town, Addis-Ababa, which is the ordinary residence of the Emperor Menelik. About two years ago M. Gaston Vanderheym, a gentleman connected with this commercial company, went up to Addis-Ababa, and stayed long enough to become well acquainted with the capital and the Court of that rather interesting East African potentate. Menelik's government may not yet be entirely civilised, but seems to have emerged from barbarism, and is associated with an ecclesiastical hierarchy that claims to be Christian, having some affinity with the Coptic Church. Without attempting to criticise its merits, we would refer to M. Vanderheym's narrative in "Le Tour du Monde," accompanying his photographs, for some notes upon the home life of King Menelik and Queen Taitou at Addis-Ababa, the manners and habits of the Court, and the administration of his affairs.

M. Vanderheym portrays his Imperial Majesty as a man past middle age, with dark, dusky complexion, almost black—that of the genuine Ethiopian or Hamitic race, which has no affinity to the negro—with a pleasant, good-humoured face and a small grizzled beard, strong limbs



KING MENELIK AND QUEEN TAITOU, EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA.

Ankobar, and eight days' journey from Harrar, is a vast range of buildings, some of which are two storeys in height. The apartments of the Emperor and Empress,



MAIN STREET OF OBOK (FRENCH SETTLEMENT), SOMALILAND.



NATIVE HUTS AT OBOK, SOMALILAND.



which are styled the Elfigne, are spacious and sumptuous, the great hall being decorated with blue, red, and gold wall-paper, tapestry, muslin, curtains, mirrors, gilt chandeliers, and thick soft carpets; here is a canopied sofa which serves for the throne. The rooms on the upper floor in which their Majesties live when at home are cheerful, well lighted, and airy, with a balcony or verandah on all sides of the house, where Menelik often sits with a collection of telescopes, and

Guy de Maupassant, Daudet, and Zola did not begin respectively with "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "Bel Ami," "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," and the series of "Les Rougon-Macquart."

But I know above all that the playwright whose "Pour la Couronne" constitutes the principal item of the present Lyceum programme made his mark as a playwright with "Le Passant," a one-act piece, and it is very probable, had

immense success, and there is no reason why it should not be attempted again. There are, in fact, many reasons why it should be attempted more than ever just now.

I am not speaking without authority when I say that at the present hour the music-halls are formidable competitors of the theatres for the patronage of that section of the public the female portion of which, at any rate, would not have set their feet within the best-appointed and the best-conducted of the former a decade ago. Various causes for the astounding success of the variety entertainments, especially in London, might be assigned. I will only attempt to deal with that bearing on my present subject—the paucity of good one-act pieces and the general reluctance of managers to accept them when they happen to be good, owing to the manager's embarrassment as to what to do with them, especially if he have more than one or two in store.

If the main feature of the entertainment happens to be a success, the manager does not want a good *lever de rideau*. On the contrary, a good *lever de rideau* makes people anxious to see it, and however pleased they may be after having seen it, before their acquaintance with it they resent the fact of having been disturbed in their habits by a hurried dinner. A new *lever de rideau* means an invitation to the Press, consequently between £30 and £40 worth of stalls distributed gratis, which otherwise would have been sold at the box-office.

No good *lever de rideau*—nay, the most unquestionable masterpiece of one act—will save an otherwise indifferent entertainment from failure. On the contrary, again, the comparison between the little gem and the badly constructed three or four act comedy will only increase the audience's annoyance. The spectator suffering from a slight throat cough will, under the circumstances, almost pretend to be suffering from acute bronchitis. The spectator made drowsy by repletion—for remember he has had a hurried and badly masticated dinner—will "yawn his head off."

A good one-act play becomes under the circumstances almost a drug in the market. Of course, I shall be told that "The Vicarage"—I mean the English version of Feuillet's "Village," Mr. Henry A. Jones's "Clerical Error," and half-a-dozen equally clever one-act pieces drew crowded houses. By an effort of memory I could show that all these preceded plays equally good, if not better. Moreover, the dinner-hour among the better classes is even later now than it was at the time those pieces had their run.

But if I might venture for the nonce to teach the managers their business, I would advise this. Let them play four good one-act pieces, provided they have no big play of sufficient merit, and let them accompany this innovation, or what would, after all, be only a revival, by another revival. Let them once more adopt the system of half price to some of the more expensive parts of their houses, and I will guarantee them a complete victory within a given time over their competitors. At present the case stands thus: People, after having paid for their stalls or dress-circle, will not leave, for their



KING MENELIK WITNESSING AN EXPERIMENTAL DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

views the surrounding scenes, the town, and the roads of approach to his capital and his palace. He has a numerous Court, Ministry, and staff, a Grand Chamberlain, a Lord Privy Seal, a Chancellor, and Secretaries, stewards, equerries, and pages. Among his confidential advisers are the Queen's cousin, General Jessama, and his Majesty's uncle, Ras Darguè, also General Baltcha, who holds political office as Minister or Intendant-General, as well as the command of the artillery, and a Swiss engineer, learned in scientific inventions, by whom his Majesty, with the Viceroy of Gojjam, was entertained with the explosion of an underground dynamite apparatus, throwing up large quantities of earth, shown in one of our Illustrations. Another person in high favour is the "grasmatch," Joseph Negoussié, who has been on a diplomatic mission in Italy, following that of Ras Makonnen in 1880, and who speaks French very well. These grandees and high officers of State wear splendid dresses of brocaded velvet on all ceremonial occasions, when Menelik puts on a superb golden crown enamelled with the effigy of St. George—a crown so heavy, it is said, that its weight prevents him from opening his jaws, and it must be lifted by an attendant page to enable him to speak a word!

#### ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Mr. Clement Scott and I have been for many years, and still are, on too cordial terms for him to suspect me of wishing to poach on his preserves, but the well-known dramatic critic, bound as he is by the necessities of his position to deal with the dramatic events of the day, not to say of the hour, frequently lacks space, time, and opportunity to dwell at length on the possible results of this or that play as far as the whole of the dramatic progress in England is concerned. He will, therefore, forgive me if for once in a way I write about things not within my province. Jomini could never have conducted a campaign as did Napoleon, but Napoleon did not mind taking a hint now and again from the Swiss tactician.

I have been told—for I have not seen it—that "Shades of Night," the *lever de rideau* which the managers of the Lyceum have recently added to their entertainment, is an excellent piece of work. For many reasons this is a pleasant bit of news, or ought to be, alike to theatrical managers, playwrights, and playgoers in general; it is particularly gratifying to a man like myself, who, rightly or wrongly, thinks that the novice in stage-craft who can construct a good one-act piece is not likely to lose his cunning when he sets to work on a more ambitious scale.

I am well aware that a Gerard Douw, a Jan Steen, an Adrian Brouwer, and an Ostade may absolutely fail when attempting to emulate Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Wouverman, or Cuyp; but I also know that Meissonier, Roybet, and Detaille, after painting many, many single figures and simple scenes enacted by less than half-a-dozen actors, did not fail when they worked out their conceptions on large canvases. I also know that Géricault painted his "Chasseur de la Garde" and his "Cuirassier Blessé" before he painted his "Raft of the Medusa," and that Rosa Bonheur painted her "Deux Petits Lapins" before she painted her "Labourage Nivernais" and her "Horse Fair," just as I know that Dickens and Thackeray,

he never written but that little play, that his name would stand just as high in the estimation of the French public, and especially in the estimation of those who need not the public's verdict to determine what is good, as it stands to-day. This is not detracting from M. François Coppée's fame; it is simply stating a truth which many feel and few have the courage to enunciate.

I do not belong to the school which contends that the drama ought to be "all sugar and spice," but I fail to see



ABYSSINIAN PRIESTS DANCING BEFORE THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

why I should have my lachrymal glands played upon by the dramatist during four long acts, and my risible nerves only excited for about forty minutes. By all means, then, let us have very tragic one-act pieces; say, two each evening, "sandwiched," if the manager likes, between two others of a brighter tendency. It will give the young dramatist such an enormous chance, and *le spectacle coupé* is not a bad entertainment, provided it be properly cut. It was tried in London a few years ago at the Court with

evening would be practically spoilt, apart from the fact that these people, with the exception of the most wealthy, have disbursed all the money they are prepared to expend on one evening's amusement. I need not pursue the subject. Both the public and the managers are sufficiently clever to work the rest out for themselves; and when the latter have done so they may arrive at the conclusion that, as a commencement, it would be advisable to encourage beginners to write one-act plays.





ENTRANCE TO BARNATO PARK, JOHANNESBURG.



THE NEW PRIMROSE GOLD-MINE, JOHANNESBURG: MINERS GOING TO WORK.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

For the last ten minutes, more or less, I have been attentively gazing at the two pictures which my amiable artist has sent me to decorate this page, literally too lazy to get up from my chair and describe their fascinations. At last, however, the effort has been made, and setting them up in front of me in order that, together with a few tit-bits from the end of my pen-holder, they may inspire me to industry, I will state that the evening gown was born in Paris. The



A PARISIAN EVENING DRESS.

skirt is made of a thick black poplin, while the bodice is of white satin; pale yellow lace falls round the shoulders and forms the bow across the front of the décolletage; the waistcoat, which is also of white satin, is studded with jet, and a narrow line of jet hems the basque and the square revers which turns back over the sleeve of modern detail with a very short puff, and pointed pieces of jet falling over the hand in the bell shape.

Let me mention *en passant* that the new sleeve which falls over the hand in this fashion is exceedingly popular, while I mutter the prayer that long may it reign over us, exercising as it does a becoming effect upon the hand, and lending itself to dainty decorations of lace and chiffon frillings.

That costume illustrated is of blue serge, a time-honoured material which well deserves the continued popularity it enjoys. The Eton coat fronts are double; broad bands of black satin ribbon fastened down with small gilt buttons pass over the shoulder and terminate below the waist. The same trimming also puts in its appearance on the sleeve, which, by the way, has more fullness in the top than I can personally admire; and the shirt-front is made of white lawn, with little frillings of hem-stitched muslin down the front, and a black satin collar-band fastened into a bow at the back, over which tabbed corners of the blue serge turn down. The skirt boasts a hem of black ribbon on the extreme edge, and the costume is one which may be recommended as a pleasing variation from the conventional coat and skirt style, but yet sufficiently resembling it to merit patronage. Seriously considering the matter, a blue serge dress in some form or another is indispensable to the wardrobe during the spring and summer. Red serge, though, I hear, is to be a formidable rival to this blue serge, and certainly a red serge gown which I have been shown recently justified its claim to a share of our favour. It was of rather a dark tone, the perfectly plain skirt boasting a hem showing many machine stitchings; the coat just escaped the waist, allowing the belt to appear beneath it, and it was quite loose, guileless of pleats, but yet cut in such a fashion that it set away from the figure; the front turned back with straight revers, and fastened with braided ornaments, and the shirt which it displayed was of white muslin liberally frilled, with a black satin collar-band, over the top of which peeped more frills. The tight-fitting collar-band, with these little frills at the top, when properly managed, is extremely becoming. It needs, perhaps, to be worn by a woman who boasts a long neck; but, given such assistance, it is charming.

For those who elect to take their summer joys on the banks of the always adorable Thames the red serge dress is

perhaps a more pleasing possession than blue serge; for undoubtedly red makes a pleasing spot on a summer landscape; and in contributing to the beauty of a view is not woman fulfilling her highest mission? The red serge skirt may be lined with red, with black, or with green—the last in preference; and the woman who proposes to punt or to scull should recollect the advantage of having her skirt cut well from the ground. The coat which fastens is infinitely more useful than the coat which merely looks as if it would like to attach itself across the chest of its fair wearer; indeed, the ordinary make of jacket which buttons down the front, either beneath a fly or with visible buttons and buttonholes, may be reckoned the most desirable style; it can be worn either open or shut if cut semi-fitting. The tight-fitting jacket, when worn open, is extremely unbecoming, and no one should adopt it unless they mean to permit it the privilege of remaining fastened all its days. The most popular make of basque has round corners in the front, and extends about seven to nine inches below the waist. Its extreme shortness should not be exaggerated, else we are forcibly reminded of the ordinary costume of the monkey who dances about on an organ. The woman with long legs, for instance, looks merely absurd under the influence of the curtailed basque, which, I may mention, is extremely difficult to cut well, needs fitting into the waist with absolute accuracy, and—a crowning virtue in my eyes—looks its best when allied to moderate sleeves. That make of sleeve which last year was known as the "football" sleeve, divided into sections and strapped, is rapidly passing out of fashionable circles, and has found its way into the suburbs, where it appears to be cordially welcomed. I have no regard for its charms; for when a sleeve is trimmed with strappings it looks infinitely better if these are placed in straight lines, either across or perpendicular.

Talking of coats and skirts reminds me of patterns of Irish homespuns, which have "just come my way," as the song says. These hail from Messrs. Hamilton and Co., of the White House, Portrush, Ireland, and they suggest themselves as ideal materials for spring gowns. They are particularly attractive, all wool, and hand-made, and I am sure they would realise my best hopes of durability. For a coat and a skirt nothing could be better. I shall leave off contemplating them for the good of womankind in general, and devote myself to personally selecting the pattern which I prefer, and writing to claim it for my own. A light shade of drab indescribably mixed is at the present moment disputing for my best affections with a grey with a note of blue in it, and a reseda green with a haze of copper in it, 56 in. wide, five shillings and sixpence per yard. As a dress for tennis, for walking, or for summer bicycling, the home-made Irish homespun deserves attention, and not to recognise this would be surely another injustice to Ireland.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

DOLOROSA.—Yes; write to Hamiltons', The White House, Portrush, Ireland, to send you a pattern of that tweed worn by the Duchess of York; it takes the many tones of the pigeon's breast, and costs 5s. 9d. a yard. I am certain it will just suit you. A sailor-hat with a black ribbon round it, bought at White's in Jermyn Street—you can't do better.

PIERRETTE.—White duck is the best stuff for the coat, and the sac back of moderate proportions would be quite suitable.

T. F.—Go and see the Empire tea-gown upstairs at Jays'—the one with a jewelled belt. It will cost you £20, and be wearable all the time.

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

"What is a reasonable amount to be spent on dress by the wife of a man who has a thousand a year? Give reasons for your reply." If we had a matrimonial candidates' examination (and what a good idea!) that would be an excellent test question; the answer would at once reveal the wisdom, the unselfishness, and the housekeeping lore of the candidate. She who answered approximately correctly might be at once adjudged to know something of house-rent and taxes, the price of food, servants' wages and breakages; and, above all, of the absolute necessities of the masculine nature—smoking, casual diversions, and the rest. When she had taken out a proper sum for these various items, her own unselfishness and common-sense both might be gauged by the proportion of the remainder that she allotted to the one purpose of clothing for her own comfort and adornment.

The West-End dressmaker who was the plaintiff in the recent case against a husband to recover the price of dresses supplied to the wife, gave her view of the reasonable dress expenditure of such a lady. The amount was one-tenth of the total income—two hundred a year. I am afraid we shall have to pluck her if she comes up for the marriage graduation exam. But then it was the tradeswoman's view that she offered. Her prices bore examination well enough. Twenty guineas for a velvet dress was not extreme, but the point was whether the wife of a man with a thousand pounds a year for all purposes ought to have a velvet dress. Certainly, if she has one at all it must be treated with reverence, not worn out in a year, but kept and cleaned, as I am credibly informed her Majesty's velvet robes used to be cleaned, over and over again. It is not good policy for a lady whose means are not large to buy such expensive things; she had much better buy moderately priced goods and be at liberty to let them go before she is sick of them. Twenty guineas is far too large a hole in the dress expenditure of a middle-class woman, for an ordinary occurrence.

But still the question is unanswered—what is a proper dress allowance for a woman whose husband has a thousand a year? We ought to have a jury of matrons on the subject; and when the decision is arrived at, the law ought to enforce it. Things are not fair as at present arranged. When the bridegroom at the altar says, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," we all know that he is drawing the long bow—that he doesn't mean it in the least; and it is about time that some of the observations that we hear so often on the failure of wives to keep their

vow of obedience were transferred to the husband who does not endow his wife as he vowed!

But far less than that would be satisfactory by comparison, for now the poor wife absolutely cannot claim anything. If she have a nice generous husband, he will give her out of his own goodwill a reasonable share of his income. But if he be a stingy curmudgeon, he need neither supply her with cash to spend nor pay her debts when she gets what she ought to have on credit; there is no way of making him do the former, and he can avoid doing the latter, it seems, if he advertise in an obscure newspaper that he will decline to pay her debts. This is not a fair bargain for the wife! Let us have a ladies' parliament to settle this obscure point—what proportion of the family income ought my lady to spend on her frocks? and then let her be able to get it. This will sound like a joke to the more fortunate of my lady readers; but it is really amazing how mean to their wives some men are—men who have plenty of money, too. Perhaps they have an expensive hobby, or perhaps they are merely mean, or are maniacal on saving. Many a woman lives in a grand house, and yet has less money to call her own and spend than a small shopkeeper's wife.

Princess Louise's silver wedding reminds us of the great satisfaction that was felt at the first departure from the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act that was made in her case. "It is really a great event as a sign politically and as a fact socially and morally," wrote Harriet Martineau. It has, however, been followed by only one other case—that of the younger Princess Louise with the Duke of Fife—the latter match having turned out most happily. It might not have been so in the long run had the Princess become the heir to the throne. Princess Louise of Lorne has been the quietest of all the Queen's daughters; she is very refined and highly cultivated, and though the banal round of so-called royal duties has not attracted her, she has constantly, quietly, and unobtrusively taken a share in charitable work.

"Quaker Oats" have recently been tried in my house by those members of the family who take oatmeal, and have met with great approval. There is no need at this time of day to say anything on the subject of the value of oats as a nourishing food. We most of us know that they are more valuable weight for weight, both in muscle and heat forming elements, than meat, and, of course, immeasurably cheaper; so that anybody who goes forth in the morning fortified by a good dish of porridge has a meal that will last all day if necessary. "Quaker" oats is a specially excellent form of preparing the oats for meal; in fact, they are not meal, but simply crushed or "rolled" oats; a very fine quality of grain being employed, as is necessary when each individual oat can be looked at severally if wished. The peculiar bitter taste that oatmeal often has is absent in this manner of preparing the grain, and it has a sweet and agreeable flavour that makes it palatable to people who cannot eat the ordinary ground-up oatmeal. Porridge is made more quickly, too, than with



A BLUE SERGE.

the old-fashioned meal. To be wholesome, oatmeal needs an hour's boiling, and this fact alone prevents its being made in many households. The "Quaker" oats are sufficiently cooked in twenty minutes. They also come in well in place of Yorkshire pudding with beef, or instead of potatoes sometimes with other meat; and make wholesome and nourishing nursery puddings with sugar, jam, and milk mixed in. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



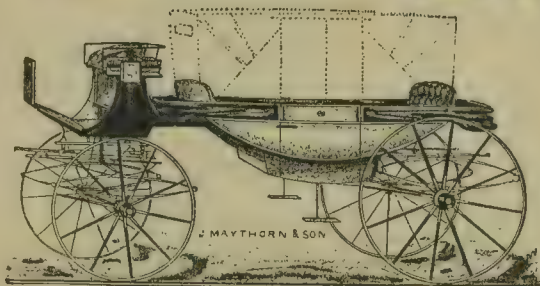
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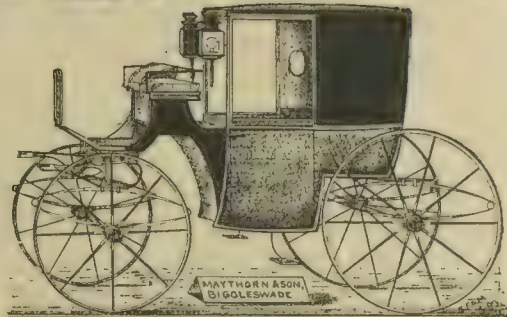
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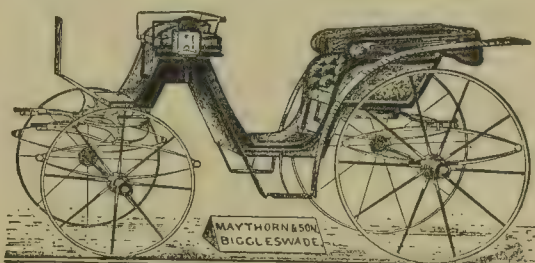
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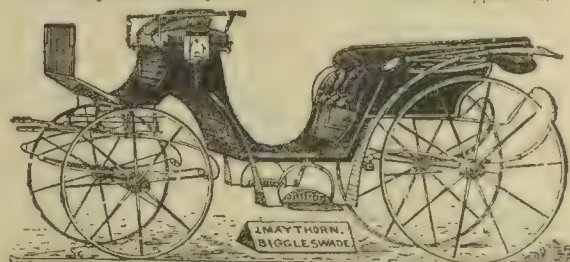
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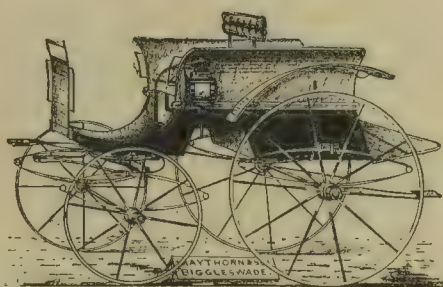
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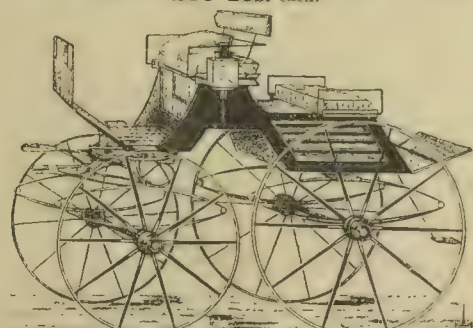
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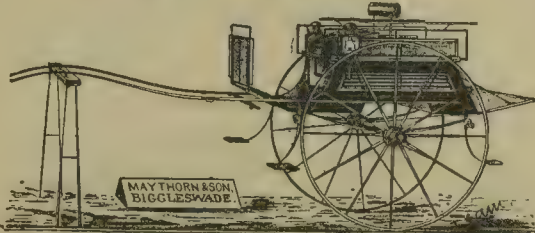
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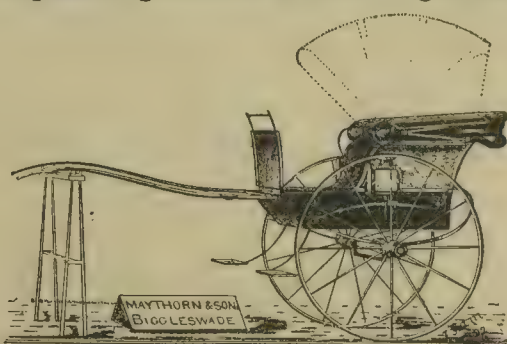
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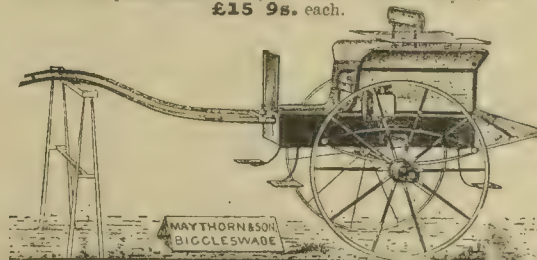
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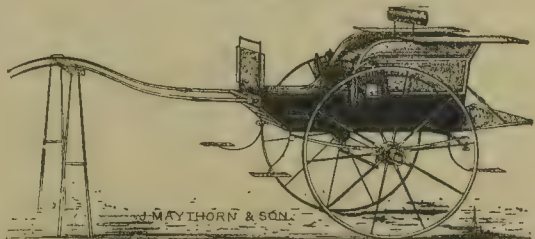
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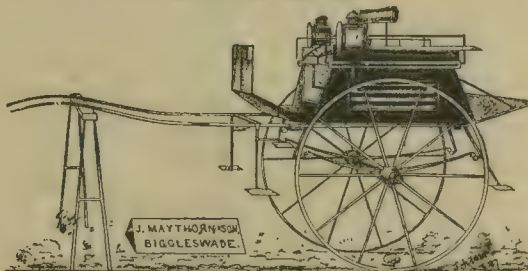
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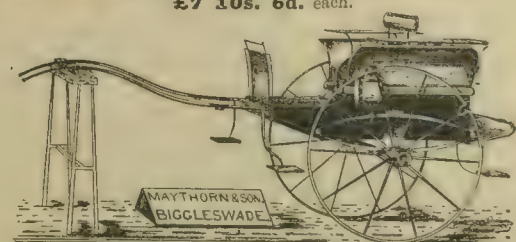
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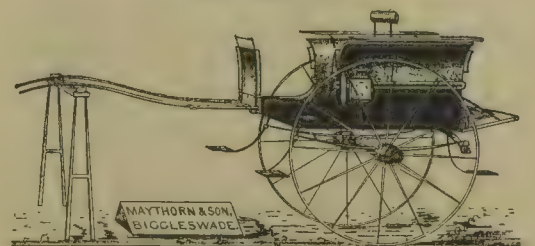
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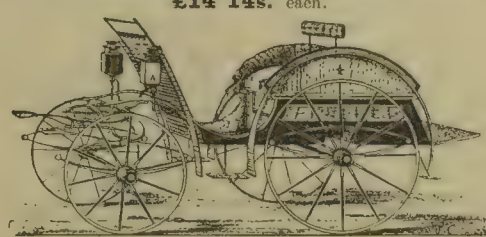
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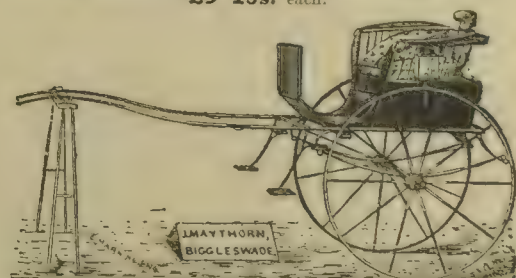
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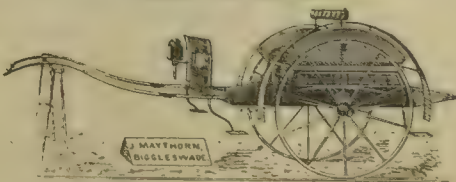
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 14, 1890), with two codicils (dated Nov. 8, 1890, and Feb. 8, 1893), of Mr. John Brown Johnstone, of Wemyss, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, and Branksome Court, near Bournemouth, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on March 16 by John Brown Johnstone, the son, and Henry Cobbett, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £350,302. The testator bequeaths £25,000 each to his sons, John Brown Johnstone, David Yuile Johnstone, and Robert Sexton Johnstone; £37,000 and an immediate legacy of £500 to his daughter Harriet Brown Johnstone; £35,000 each to his daughters Anne Christie Cobbett and Janet Sang; £30,000 to his daughter Mary Anne Nash; £500 each to Robert Forbes, Annie Duncan, Mrs. Anne Haldane, Mrs. William Yuile, Mrs. David Yuile, and John Yuile, and legacies to servants. He devises Branksome Court and Wemyss, with the furniture and effects therein, to his daughter Harriet Brown Johnstone. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his seven children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 19, 1895) of Colonel John Hargreaves, J.P., of Maiden Erlegh, near Reading, and Whalley Abbey, Whalley, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on March 20 by John Hargreaves and Frank Hargreaves, the sons, and Captain Harry Evelyn Stracey Pocklington, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £252,082. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, gives £1000, and for twelve months the use of his house, Maiden Erlegh, with the furniture and effects therein, and a sum of £3000, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Hargreaves, and at the expiration of that period she is to receive an annuity of £2000, and furniture to the value of £1000; £200 each to his executors; £100 each to his children; and £20,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Laura Ferrar and Violet Hargreaves, his other daughters, Lady Basing and Mrs. Amy Jane Pocklington, having been provided for on their respective marriages. On the death of his widow he bequeaths £5000 each, upon trust, for his said four daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his four sons, John, Frank, Robert, and Guy, in equal shares, but his son John is to bring into account £20,000 advanced to him on his marriage.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1888), with two codicils (dated Nov. 9, 1889, and Sept. 15, 1890), of Mr. William Bolitho, of Polwithin, Penzance, Cornwall, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on March 19 by William Edward Thomas Bolitho, the son, and Thomas Bedford Bolitho and Thomas Robins Bolitho, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £225,048. The testator gives £1000, the use, for life, of his mansion house, with the furniture and contents, and an annuity of £3800, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Hitchens Bolitho, and a further legacy of £10,000 at the expiration of two years from the date of his death; £7500 each to his daughters Mary Hitchens Foster and Catherine Johns Bolitho; £500 each to his daughters Elizabeth Maud McNiell and Loveday Wilhelmina Tupper;



MEMORIAL WINDOW TO FLORA MACDONALD.

A window in memory of Flora Macdonald is about to be placed by one of her descendants in St. Columba's Church, Portree, in the Isle of Skye, where she took leave of Prince Charlie after several perilous adventures. The subject is Queen Esther's self-sacrifice, and appropriately bears her words, "If I perish, I perish!" The window has been executed by Mr. Taylor, of Berners Street.

£13,500 to his daughter Cecilia Mary Bolitho; £19,500 to his daughter Nora Bolitho; and other legacies. The following additional legacies are to be paid two years after the death of Mrs. Bolitho, but are to bear interest in the meantime—namely, £7500 each to his daughters Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Bolitho, Mrs. McNiell, Mrs. Tupper, and Nora Bolitho; and £13,500 to his daughter Cecilia Mary Bolitho. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, William Edward Thomas Bolitho.

By the second codicil the testator states that he has advanced £14,000 to his daughter Cecilia on her marriage, and that such sum is to be deducted from her two legacies.

The will (dated March 7, 1894), with a codicil (dated Sept. 19, 1895), of Mr. John Death, J.P., of Poplar House, Cambridge, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on March 13 by Miss Anna Maria Owers, the niece, George Apthorpe, and Samuel George Wheaton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £49,298. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Adenbrooke's Hospital (Cambridge), £500 each to the Cottage Home for Little Orphan Girls (Cambridge), the Female Refuge (Church Street, Cambridge), the Town Fund of the Home and Training School for Nurses (Fitzwilliam Street, Cambridge), and the District Fund of the same institution; £3000 to his niece Caroline Apthorpe; £10,000, upon trust, for Anna Maria Owers; £100 each to his executors; £500 each to the daughters of his brother, James Death; an annuity of £150 to his said brother James; an annuity of £150 between his sisters Ann and Susannah; and other legacies amounting to £3700 between his relatives and servants. He gives the plate presented to him by the University and town of Cambridge to the Master and Fellows of Jesus College. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said niece, Anna Maria Owers, absolutely.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissary Court of Kincardineshire, of the deed of settlement (dated April 29, 1892) with a relative codicil (dated Oct. 19, 1892), of the Right Hon. John, tenth Viscount Arbutnott, of Arbutnott House, who died on Nov. 30, granted to the Hon. William Arbutnott, the brother, the executor-nominate, was resealed in London on March 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £49,308.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 30 following), of the Right Hon. Mary Teresa, Lady Petre, of Writtle, Essex, and 75, Queen's Gate, Kensington, who died on Dec. 31 at Bournemouth, was proved on March 17 by Lord Petre, the son, and Frederick Stapleton Bretherton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £27,435. The testatrix gives £2000 to her daughter the Countess of Granard; £2000, upon trust, for her daughter Monica Butler Bowdon; £100 and the income of £1000 to her daughter Catherine Petre; £100 each to her daughters Margaret Petre, Mary Petre, Teresa Petre, Eleanor Southwell Trafford, and Isabella Stapleton Bretherton; £100 to the Superioress of the Convent, 9, Lower Seymour Street; £4000 to her son Lord Petre; £7000 to her son Joseph; £1000, upon trust, for her son Philip; and other legacies, and many specific gifts of jewels between her children. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to one half for her son Joseph, and the other half, upon trust, for her son Philip. She directs her executors on the day of her funeral to give one shilling and a dole of bread to as many poor persons at Thorndon as she shall have lived years.

The will (dated June 7, 1893), with a codicil (dated Nov. 25, 1895), of Mr. Thomas Arthur Bushby, of

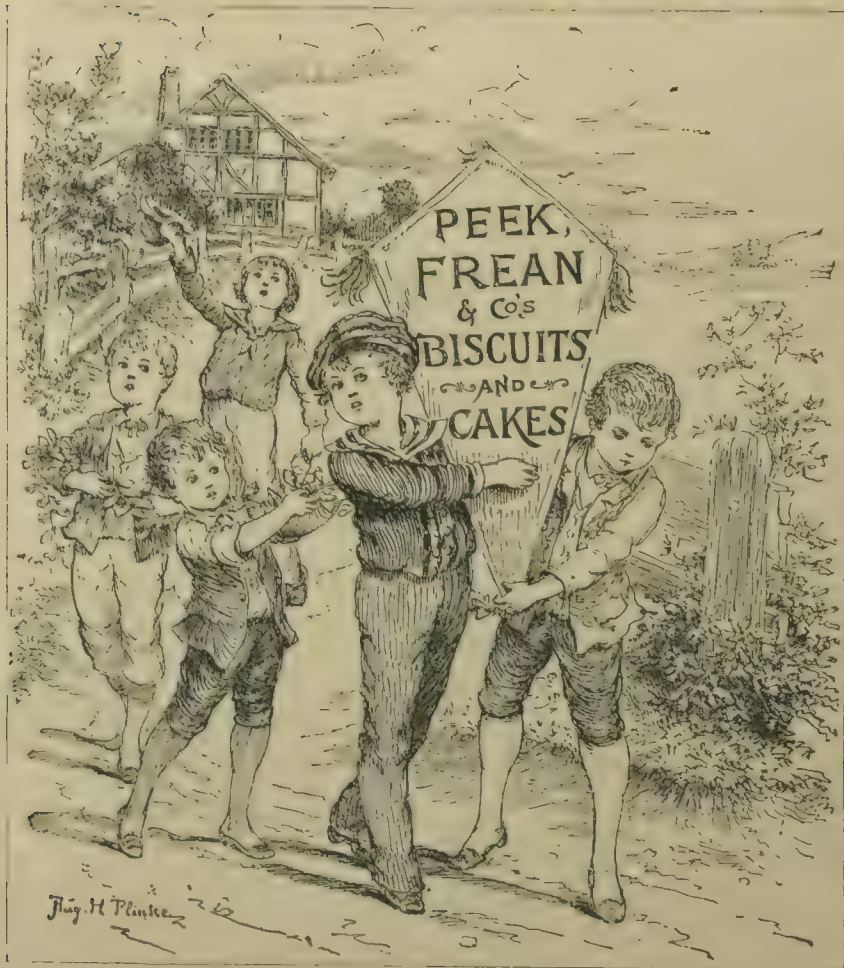
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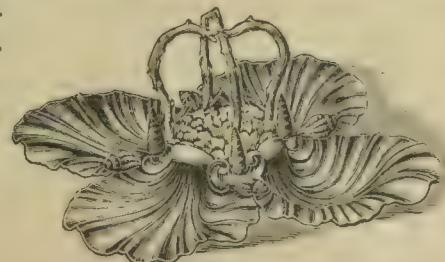


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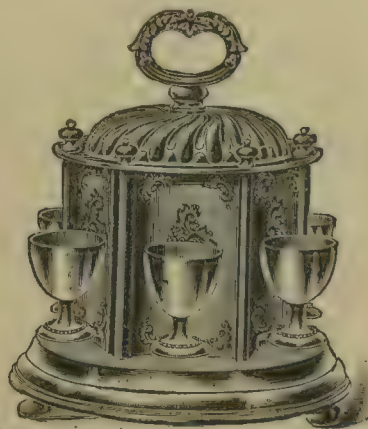
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Liverpool and Traphill, Formby, Lancashire, merchant, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 28 at the Liverpool District Registry, by Mrs. Harriet Day Bushby, the widow, John Bushby, the son, and Frederick Napier, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £20,497. The testator gives £500 each to his wife and to his daughters, Esther Blanche Bushby and Mary Julia Bushby. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and upon her death or remarriage between his four children, Esther Blanche Bushby, Mary Julia Bushby, Henry Napier Bushby, and John Bushby, in equal shares.

### EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

#### THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announces that for intending visitors to Paris during the Easter Holidays cheap 2nd and 3rd class return tickets will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street stations from April 1 to 6. The tickets are available for fourteen days, and the train by which they are issued leaves Charing Cross at 8.15 p.m. and Cannon Street at 8.20 p.m. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 10 a.m. on Saturday, April 4; returning from Boulogne at 2.18 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets to Brussels, via Calais, will be issued from April 1 to 6, and the trains in connection leave Charing Cross at 9 a.m. (1st and 2nd class only) and 8.15 p.m., and Cannon Street at 9.5 a.m. (1st and 2nd class only) and 8.20 p.m. The tickets are available for eight days. Similar tickets will also be issued to Brussels, via Ostend, leaving Charing Cross at 9 a.m., 5.35 p.m. (1st and 2nd class only) and 8.15 p.m., and Cannon Street at 9.5 a.m., 5.42 p.m. (1st and 2nd class only), and 8.20 p.m. Tickets available for eight days. To Ostend, 1st and 2nd class return

tickets will be issued, leaving Charing Cross at 9 a.m., 5.35 p.m., and 8.15 p.m., and Cannon Street at 9.5 a.m., 5.42 p.m., and 8.20 p.m., April 1 to 6. These tickets are available for eight days. A special day excursion to Calais will be run on Bank Holiday, leaving Charing Cross at 9 a.m., and Cannon Street at 9.5 a.m. 1st and 3rd class return tickets are issued by this excursion, and will be available to return by the 1.10 p.m. or 3.45 p.m. services same day or 1.30 a.m. service on Tuesday, April 7. Cheap return tickets, available by certain trains, will also be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street on April 2, 3, and 5. On Good Friday and Easter Monday cheap day excursions will be run from Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross, to Gravesend, Rochester, Chatham, Sheerness, Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Dover, etc. A special cheap excursion will also be run from London to Aldershot on Easter Monday. Special trains will run to Hayes, Blackheath, Greenwich, Gravesend (for Rosherville Gardens). The Continental services will be as usual. The cheap Friday or Saturday to Monday tickets to Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Hythe, Sandgate, Folkestone, and Dover, issued on Thursday, April 2, and the cheap Sunday to Monday tickets to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Ramsgate, and Margate, issued on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, will be available to return up to and including Wednesday, April 8. Full particulars of the return times of excursions, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the company's holiday programme and bills.

#### THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

The Harwich-Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities to persons who wish to spend their Easter holidays in Holland or Germany. Passengers from the Midland counties and the North of England can travel direct to Parkston Quay, Harwich, and, with the passengers leaving London in the evening, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning, while through carriages run to Cologne and Berlin on arrival of the steamers at the Hook of Holland, reaching Cologne about midday and Berlin the evening after leaving London. Cheap tours have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Belgium. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers *Peregrine* and *Seamew* will leave Harwich on April 2 and 4 for Hamburg, returning April 5 and 8.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Sir Augustus Harris made some very sensible remarks on the occasion of the annual dinner in connection with the "Dramatic and Musical Fund" instituted to provide for the necessities of the humblest class of theatrical employes. He claimed, and justly claimed, that being a manager of several theatres he was not afraid or ashamed to devote as much time as he could spare to improving the entertainments at what, for a better word, may be called "smoking theatres." Music-halls, which had an ugly name, and variety theatres, which were regarded with suspicion by the majority of influential London managers, have been so marvellously improved during the last ten years that it is high time to tell the public exactly why the desirable change has been made. It is because the managers of London theatres have combined to ignore and determined to wink the other eye at a disgraceful Act of Parliament which for years vulgarised and degraded our public entertainments. I do not believe for one moment that two-thirds of the London managers have the pluck of Sir Augustus Harris, or would have been so outspoken as he was the other evening, for they secretly detest the action that the public voice has forced upon them. The majority of the London managers are never weary in public and in private of protesting against what they presume to call the vulgarity and the bad taste of the performances at smoking theatres; whereas, if the truth be told, there is, as a rule,

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LUCERNE (437 mètres above sea) has long been recognised as the most beautiful of all the resorts of Switzerland as well as the most central for the purposes of touring, being situated at the foot of the picturesque Lake of the Four Cantons and the terminus of several railway systems, including the Gotthard Line, that over the Brünig Pass, the lines to Bâle, to Berne, and to Zürich, so that an almost endless number of Excursions may be made. Visitors taking up residence at LUCERNE may arrange some charming tour daily for several weeks—as the Lake of Brannen and Flüelen, that romantic portion famous for the associations with William Tell; to Seelisberg and the Rütli; to Weggis and Vitznau for ascents of the Rigi; to Alpnach for Mount Pilatus; to Küssnacht for Tell's Chapel, or to Kehrsiten for the electric railway up the



Bürgenstock; or Stansstad for the famous Stanserhorn. Then short railway trips may be made over the Brünig to Meiringen, to the curious monastery of Einsiedeln, along the Lake Valley to Lenzburg, and the Gotthard Line to Göschenen. LUCERNE is in itself the loveliest spot in Switzerland, and possesses many curiosities and antiquities. In recent years the town has been greatly improved; it possesses some of the finest hotels in Europe, as well as numerous pensions, villas, and apartments, which may be had at reasonable rates. LUCERNE is only twenty-four hours from London, and twelve from Paris, and a week's visit may be paid to this charming spot by English visitors at a cost of 10 guineas railway fare and all expenses included. The Illustration shows LUCERNE with the new Sea Bridge and the old quaint Chapel Bridge and Water Tower, with Mount Pilatus in the background. For the further assistance of tourists an OFFICIAL INQUIRY OFFICE has been opened by the town. Any further particulars may be obtained there, and a complimentary guide to Central Switzerland, richly illustrated, and with maps, is forwarded, free of charge, on written application, to all parts of the world.



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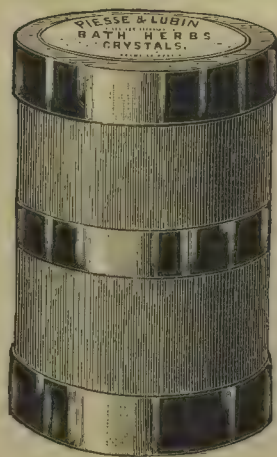
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far more vulgarity, bad taste, cheap stuff, and bad art to be found at theatres which are exclusive than at theatres that are free. The time is well within my memory when the managers combined to put down the music-halls and limit their influence. The law as it existed then and as it exists now permitted what I may call the orthodox manager to prevent the public from enjoying anything but vulgar trash at the music-halls. Anything like a dramatic entertainment was and is to this day illegal at the music-halls. Charles Morton was not permitted to perform on the music-hall stage a light, one-act, half-hour opera by Offenbach, though he had in his employ singers like Miss Russell, Mr. St. Albyn, and the basso profundo Mr. Green. He was actually prosecuted at the police-court for daring to show the public a magic-lantern entertainment known as "Pepper's Ghost," simply because it contained the elements of the drama in it—elements sacredly preserved for the benefit of the regular theatre, where they smoke and drink more than at any variety theatre that is in existence. It is all a distinction without a difference. My own experience is that there is as much smoking and drinking, and worse smoking and drinking, in theatres than there is in music-

halls. And who shall say that, taking a wide outlook of the matter, the entertainment at the smoking theatres is not on the whole as good and artistic as that at the regular theatres? To-morrow, Sir Henry Irving, or Charles Wyndham, or George Alexander could go to Bow Street and shut up the most popular entertainment in London—Tableaux Vivants. They are all illegal sketches—every one of them. The new pictures of action and movement on the sheet—call them cinématographs or animatographs or what you like—are all as illegal to-day as was the exhibition of "Pepper's Ghost" at the old Canterbury Hall over thirty years ago. Then, why do not the managers put the law into action? Because they do not dare to risk the unpopularity of such a measure. Benjamin Webster did it. Buckstone of the Haymarket did it. The managers of the sixties were sworn to do it. But the managers of the nineties dare not, in the face of public opinion, use for their own private purposes so insolent and virtually obsolete a law. When we were fighting this question a quarter of a century ago in the direct interests of the public, it was argued that the music-halls, essentially low and vulgar, were

doomed to be low and vulgar to the end of time. We thought not. We insisted that the low-class entertainment at the music-halls, the trashy songs, and all the uncanny surroundings of the places where they smoke and drink were all due to the restriction of their liberties. We quoted such instances as the Palm Gardens at Frankfurt and the Lakeside Entertainment House at Zurich to show that good music, good art, and good taste can and must be associated with a cigar, a pipe, or a glass of beer. Why should it not be so? Look at the result. And what is the result? Well, the result is that the smoking and drinking and immorality which frightened Mrs. Chant and her ignorant friends into a fit have sung small under the very breath of art. It is art, and art alone, that has elevated the old music-hall into a companionship with the theatre, and this strong art-feeling at the smoking theatres, encouraged by the public, has put our London theatrical managers on their mettle by reason of strong competition, and forced them to put their houses in order.

To take a case in point. What is the relative difference between the Palace Theatre, so ably managed by Mr. Charles Morton, and the most fashionable and best

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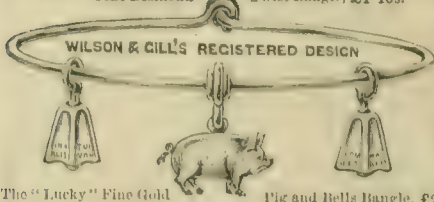
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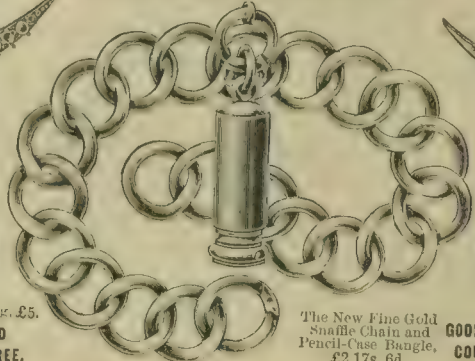
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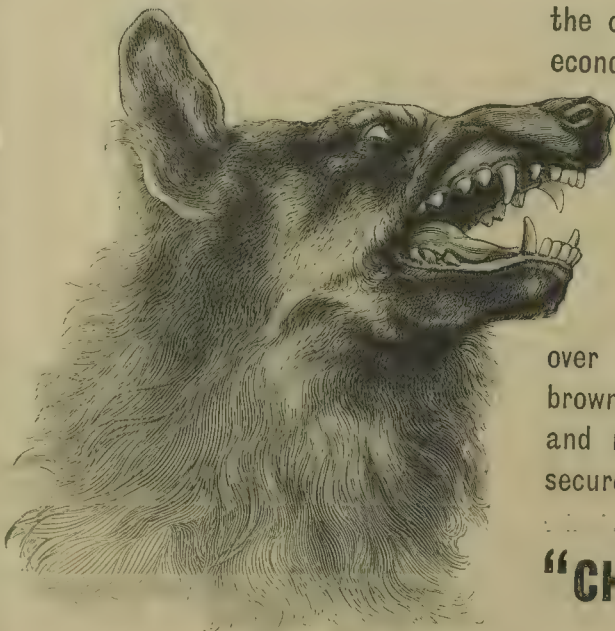
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conducted theatre in London? The audience at the Palace is as well dressed and decorous and appreciative as at any other West-End theatre. I can find in all London very few things more artistic and excellent than the performance of the Parisian Minstrels—three delightfully funny fellows—one of them a violinist of first-class excellence, who plays with his heart as well as with his wrist. You may go to a dozen first-class concerts and not find playing so good. Then, we have artists like James Fernandez and Alice Atherton, who, always artists, are not fettered by plays in which they cannot distinguish themselves; and we have imitators of actors who act far better than the artists they imitate. Again, I go to the Tivoli and find sketches full of interest and vigour, singers

and actors earnest in their work, and artists like Marie Lloyd, who though gaudy in their art, are artists all the same. No one but a genuine artist could make a success with such songs as "The Chili Widow" and "I put it in my drawer among the knick-knacks." But here I am on dangerous ground, and shall have Sydney Grundy down on me, who once held me up to execration because I admired the art in a funny comedy called "Jane"; and it was funny, let Grundy scream as he will. I love all art. Sarah Bernhardt delights me, and so does Yvette Guilbert. Am I to be thrown out because I delight in Forbes-Robertson and Albert Chevalier? What I cannot stand is false art, bad art, pretentious art, at the head of which I place Eleonora Duse and some popular English actresses who

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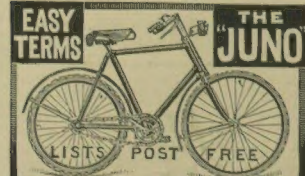
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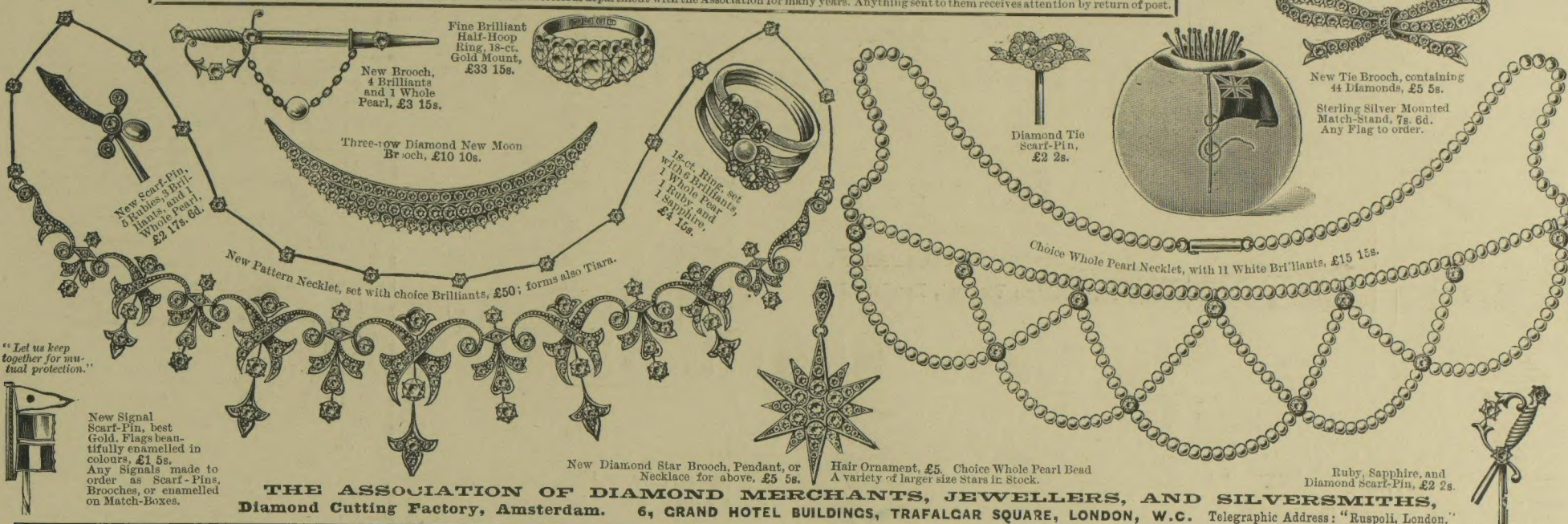
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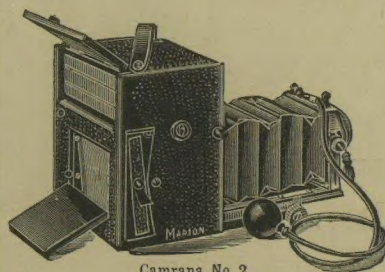
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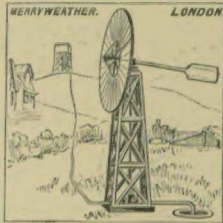
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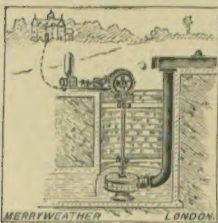
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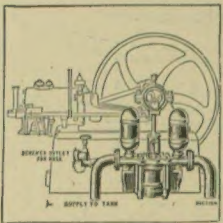
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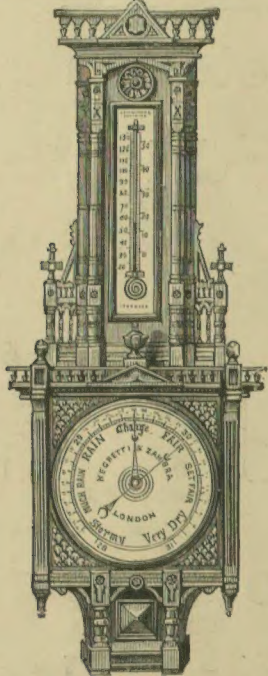
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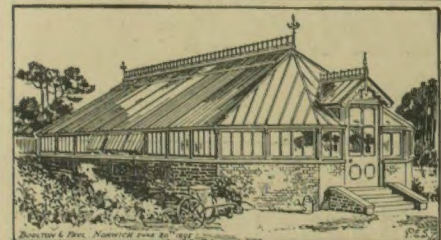


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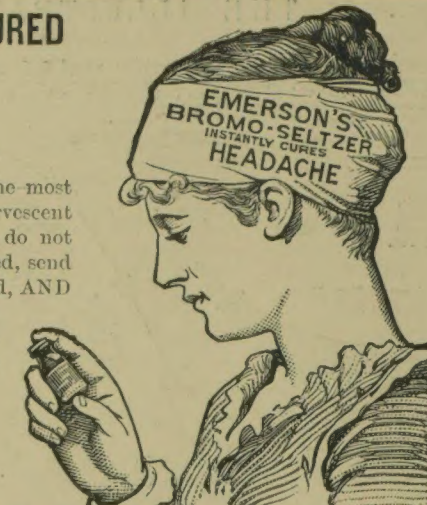
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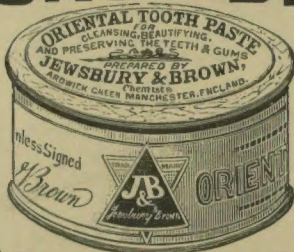
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Is the BEST REMEDY ever discovered. It acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing Enlarged Great-Toe Joints.



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WHITE SOUND TEETH.  
FRAGRANT BREATH.  
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CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits. The only Genuine is signed "JEWSBURY & BROWN."

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In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

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## COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS

FOR BILE,

LIVER,

HEADACHE,

HEARTBURN,

INDIGESTION,

ETC.

### A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

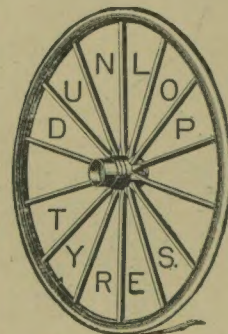
"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvelous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

### COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

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DUNLOP TYRES HAVE BECOME UNIVERSAL FOR CYCLES; THEY POSSESS EQUAL ADVANTAGES



Perfect ease.  
Absolute Noiselessness.  
Reduction of draught by one third.  
Can be fitted to present wheels.  
No trouble.  
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Your name and address on a (1d.) post card, mailed to Chas. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A., will bring you a free sample of Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh Tooth Soap. It gives beautiful, white teeth, preserves the enamel, heals sore gums, prevents decay, and is delightful and refreshing to the mouth; no Soapy taste. Sold by chemists and recommended by dentists everywhere. Take no substitute. Large box sent post paid for 1/- in stamps. Geo. W. Timms, Dentist, 9, Wimpole St., London, says: "I am using your Myrrh Tooth Soap and find it by a long way the best of all preparations for the teeth. I commend it to all those interested in good teeth." James Gater, Dental Surgeon, 21, Victoria Rd., Peckham, S.E., says: "Your Myrrh Tooth Soap is the best preparation for the teeth I know of. I strongly recommend it to my patients." Wm. Parker, Chemist, Sydney, N.S.W., says: "I always hear your Myrrh Tooth Soap well spoken of. It is now much in demand."

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

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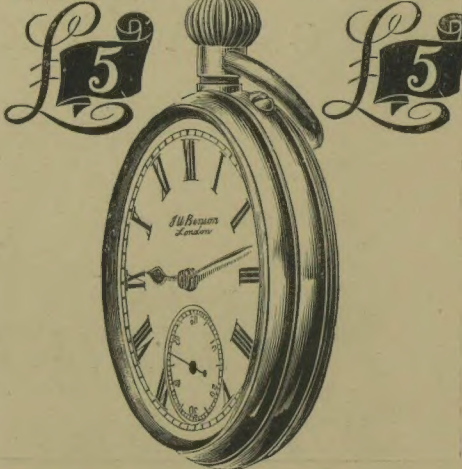
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